The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXII DECEMBER, 1935 No. 12

MRS ELIA LOVELRISON
390 SO 5TH WEST
PROVO UTAH

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

From Factory To You—We Solicit Your Mail Orders

No. 88. Lt. Weight Men's and Ladies' New Style ..... $ .65

New Style 1.10

No. 80. Heavy Wt. Men's Double Back 1.45

No. 81. Heavy Wt. Old Style, Double Back 1.50

No. 86. Extra Fine Rayon and Double Combed Yarn, Ladies' New Style Only 1.25

No. 87. Lt. Wt. Old and New Styles.. $ .85

No. 84. Med. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style ..... .85

No. 85. Very Special Non-Run-Rayon, Men's and Ladies' New Style Only 1.10

No. 83. Extra Fine Silk-Rayon Double Combed Yarn. Better Than Part Wool. This Comes in Winter Weight Men's New Style 1.65

Short Sleeves, Ankle Length

We Mark Garments For 10c

We Charge 10% Extra For Extra Sizes. We Pay Postage Anywhere in the United States.

Please Specify When Ordering Your Bust, Trunk and Length, Whether New or Old Style, and if Men's or Ladies'.

THIS IS ALSO THE PLACE TO OUTFIT THE MISSIONARY WITH ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS RAMBOULLETTE SUITS

This is one of our Specials
Our Famous Ramboullette Serge. Single or Double Breast.
$18.75
Extra Pants, $4.00

WE HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HEAVY WORSTEDS AT
$21.75
Extra Pants, $4.00

WE ALWAYS GIVE SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO THE MISSIONARY

14 SOUTH MAIN,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Mose Lewis

Atomized
BLUE BLAZE
"STAYS PUT"

Ask your coal dealer about this new dustless stoker slack.

BLUE BLAZE COAL COMPANY
Salt Lake City

WE ADMIT

WE ARE CRANKS ABOUT CLEANLINESS

This is one of the reasons so many of our customers recommend Arden Milk to their friends.

ARDEN
MILK

For Home Delivery
Phone Wasatch 80

ARDEN DAIRY

CRYSTAL PALACE Market

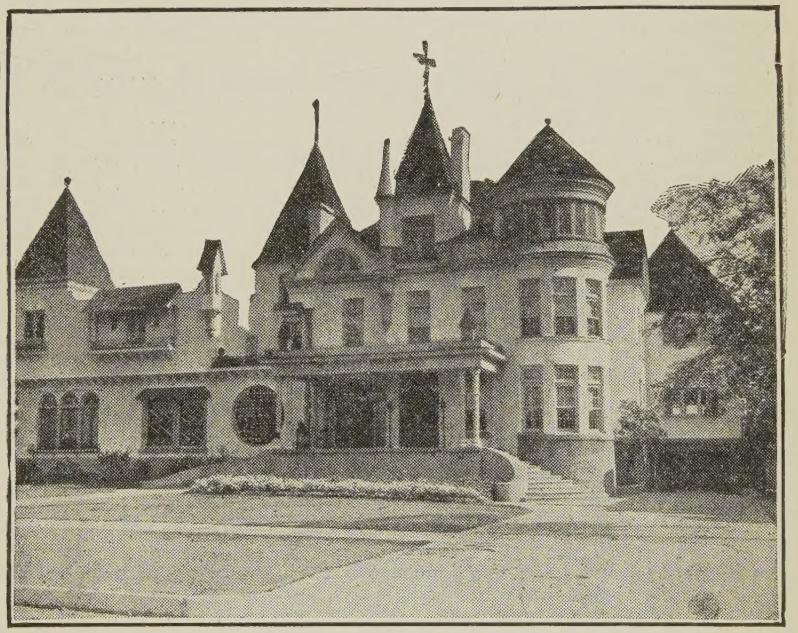
HOME OWNED - HOME OPERATED

It is OUR AMBITION

To Make Our Three Big Food Markets a Real Credit to
Salt Lake City and Utah — We Invite You To Visit Us Often

Service Above All

SALT LAKE — PROVO — OGDEN — PRICE — PAYSON — MANTI



DESERET MORTUARY CO.

NO SUBSTITUTE

There is no substitute for quality. The lowest priced merchandise isn't always the cheapest. O. P. Skaggs System Stores have low prices but only *"Quality"* foods.

O. P. SKAGGS — Efficient Service System — FOOD STORES

"A Surety of Purity."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII DECEMBER, 1935 No. 12

CONTENTS

The Holy Family ..... Frontispiece
Hail, Christmas ..... Bryce W. Anderson 731
Supplication ..... Mabel Spande Harmer 733
Christmas ..... Joseph F. Smith 734
Where Love Is ..... Ruth Musser 739
Christmas Gift ..... Clarence Edwin Flynn 745
Mental Hygiene of the Adult ..... Mark K. Allen 746
Miracles ..... Harrison R. Merrill 749
Yule Music ..... Carlton Culmsee 751
Blossoms ..... Sadie Maurer 752
Franz Johann's Holy Night ..... Fae Decker Dix 753
Galilee ..... Annie Wells Cannon 754
Christmas Dinner in the Seventies ..... Agnes Just Reid 757
Not Bread Alone ..... Elsie C. Carroll 757
We Too, Follow the Star ..... Claire Stewart Boyer 762
Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life ..... Lella Marker Hoggan 764
"Beyond the Grey Corridors" ..... Lillie M. Dale 768
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 772

Editorial:
Christmastide 773
"Go Thou and Do Likewise" 774
Lesson Department 775
Magazine Drive 791
Gifts ..... E. J. Gardiner 797
Your Nazareth ..... Eleanor W. Schow 798

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF
RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3540

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Our BIG Christmas SALE

STARTS MONDAY

Manufacturers' Prices Are Advancing

BUY NOW AND SAVE!

GRANITE FURNITURE CO.

1050 EAST 21ST SOUTH

Silver Leaf Poplar Dairy

PURE JERSEY MILK

T. R. Taylor

Phone: Hyland 1309-W

TEMPLE BRAND GARMENTS

Of Superior quality and workmanship manufactured for the

SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

And sold at prices defying competition. When ordering from us remember we Pay Postage Anywhere in the United States.

No.	FOR LADIES		No.	FOR MEN	
703	Flat Weave Spring Needle	$ .98	662	Men's Non-Run Rayon	$1.25
719	Ribbed Light Weight	1.10	610	Ribbed Light Wt. Spring Needle	1.10
792	Fine Quality Cotton Lisle	1.25	602	Extra Fine Quality Lisle	1.25
750	Non-Run Rayon	1.00	614	Med. Wt. Ex. Quality	1.25
734	Glove Silk Finish Non-Run Rayon	1.35	663	All Wool Heavy Wt. New Style Only	4.25
762	Non-Run Rayon Super Quality	1.25	6111	50% Wool Heavy Weight	2.95
735	Light Weight Cotton Ribbed	.88	664	Med. Hvy. Wt. Cot. Double Back	1.50
714	Medium Weight Cotton	1.25	660	Silk and Wool Medium Weight	1.95

Garments Marked Upon Request. 10c for Cotton—Silk 15c

Prices Subject to Change Without Notice. 20% Extra Charge for Sizes Over 46.

Do not fail to specify New or Old Style and if for Man or Woman. Also state if long or short sleeve, short or long legs are wanted. Give accurate Bust Measurements, Height and Weight. Samples Sent Upon Request.

SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

42 So. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah—OLDEST KNITTING STORE IN UTAH

BETTER BREAD for Better HEALTH

Bread furnishes energy for vitality. And energy is the fuel that keeps active little bodies strong and warm in winter. Serve these better breads at every meal. Fisher's Vitamin "D" white and whole wheat breads, American Lady Cracked Wheat, Rye, French and Vienna Breads and American Lady Rolls.

baked for you by the bakers of

Fisher's Vitamin "D" American Lady Breads

A NEW EUREKA

WITH MOTOR-DRIVEN BRUSH LIGHT—EASY TO HANDLE AGREEABLY QUIET

This sensational new Eureka with motor-driven brush is designed to meet the requirements of those who desire a motor-driven brush but recognize the necessity of "High Vacuum" (powerful suction) for the thorough removal of embedded dirt.

Unnecessary weight and awkward size have been carefully avoided. It is quiet—agreeably quiet. The demonstration! It is spectacular — sensational — thrilling. Embedded soda fairly "boils" from the rug. Sand dances—how it dances! Surface litter — lint, hair and threads — are instantly removed by its motor-driven brush. This new Eureka cleans faster—cleans better.

$5.00 Down—Balance on Easy Terms
Phone for Demonstration

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
177 East Broadway Phone Wasatch 4764

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty
Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Telephone Wasatch 3286 29 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE FAMOUS MURAL

IF you visited the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, you will remember the beautiful mural which was the most striking feature of the exhibit. It portrays dramatic episodes of the progress of women in the last 100 years. The National Council of Women has secured a limited number of pictures of this mural in color mounted ready for hanging. There are 3 plaques each measuring 9½"x4". The price is $2.50 sent post-paid, ten sets $20.00. Order from National Council of Women, 4 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hail, Christmas

By Bryce W. Anderson

Fly, sparks! Shooting stars,
  Hearthfire legions, heav'nward sent!
Sing, bard! Happy bars,
  Age-old songs of sweet content!
  While the Christmas night creeps on,
  Carol to the coming dawn!

Fly, time! In your flight,
  Bring the peace of Christmas days!
Ring, bells! Through the night,
  Send your ringing down the ways—
  Down the ways of wayward men:
  Christmas-time is here again!

Cry, men! Cry the news:
  Peace on earth; good will to men!
Bring, night, sifting through,
  Christmas gladness once again!
  Blessed short is Christmas day;
  Seize it, lest it slip away!

THE HOLY FAMILY

Murillo

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII DECEMBER, 1935 No. 12

Supplication

By Mabel Spande Harmer

The tranquil night was robed in darkest hue
Before the coming of that radiant star
Whose lambent glory pierced its somber folds
And sent the message of His birth afar.

The poor and humble of the land beheld
And cried, "Rejoice, the promised star has come!"
Then wept with joy as angels told of peace
And of good will on earth toward all men.

The lowly shepherd with his quiet flock
Looked up in awe and marveled at its light.
He bowed his head in reverence and prayer
As heavenly song was borne upon the night.

The wise men waited in expectant hush
Until with joyful heart they saw its gleam,
Then gathered up rich treasures and rode forth
From out the East to the celestial beam.

Oh Lord, once more on earth the night is dark.
We cry for peace and fear our cry is vain.
We grow faint-hearted as the signs of stress
And turmoil threaten all the world again.

As in that olden day we look to Thee—
Grant us a star of hope, a light divine.
Dispel the gloom that threatens to enclose,
Send from empyreal heights Thy peace sublime.

Christmas

A Means Toward Greater Spirituality in the Home

By Joseph F. Smith

(A resume of an address given in the October Primary Conference)

DO you realize Christmas is but a month away?"

"Don't talk about it. I just dread its coming."

That has a familiar sound, hasn't it? Christmas is almost upon us, calling as usual for expenditures which family incomes will not warrant. Holiday happiness in thousands of homes will be abruptly terminated on January second when the mailman presents a formidable sheaf of bills demanding that "the fiddler be paid." In thousands of homes Christmas spending, begun in December, will continue long into the summer—casting a winter blight over the entire year and bringing an ever increasing dread of succeeding Christmases.

Now spending may be very pleasant when and if there is plenty to spend. But spending requires income. Emergency spending requires surplus. Surplus means spending strength. Men and institutions are financially strong in the degree that they have large supplies of money (or lands or goods which may easily be converted into money) on hand. That is what strength means—*having something on hand.* The financier's strength is measured in terms of money on hand or immediately available. The athlete's strength is measured in terms of nervous and muscular power on hand. The teacher's strength is measured in terms of knowledge on hand. Even the locomotive's strength is measured in terms of pounds of steam pressure on hand. Without a *store* of something, strength is an impossibility.

EVERY man seeks to become strong in the direction of his particular interests. He sets forth to build a store of whatever is requisite for the strength he desires—physical prowess, money, learning, and so on.

What is true of men is true of nations. Great Britain, seeking to maintain maritime strength has built up a navy second to none. The larger countries of continental Europe (each suspicious of its neighbors) have given themselves military strength by building great armies. The United States has made itself a great financial power by developing resources and amassing wealth. Ancient Greece made itself the light of its world by developing artists and philosophers. Each nation's strength, therefore, lies in whatever stock or store it has deliberately built up.

Since strength lies in wealth of some kind, if it hopes to endure, each nation must ask itself, in what sort of wealth does the greatest strength lie—wealth of money, wealth of things, wealth of knowledge. Of course there is but one answer—wealth of men: "tall men, sun-crowned." A nation's ultimate strength and glory must be measured by its manhood. Wealth of manhood means national strength; poverty of manhood means national weakness. The wise nation therefore sets about developing a great store of manhood.

Now, the nation as such is too great a unit to superintend the nurture of each of its individual creatures. It can lay down principles, it can pass laws, but it must depend on much smaller units to take care of the detailed upbringing of its individual men. The most ideal unit for this individual nurture is the family; the most effective institution, the home. The nation says to the home, "Give me strong men." Hence national strength is a family responsibility.

AS the nation asked what national wealth makes for the greatest national strength, the family must ask what personal wealth makes for the strongest man. A wise method for arriving at an answer to that question is to review the world's strong men and then learn, if possible, where their strength lay.

I say *lay,* because it is difficult to measure the strength of living persons. You see, strength, after all is power, influence. The strongest man is he who exerts an influence on the greatest number over the longest period. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte were strong men—all of them great military leaders and highly influential. Each of these men controlled the destinies of thousands of his contemporaries and each altered the political face of the world, but of the three, Caesar was strongest. Why? Because his influence has been felt for a longer period by a greater number of persons. Caesar plays a greater part today in your life and mine, than does either Alexander or Napoleon. Have you ever stopped to think that the calendar we use daily is largely Julius Caesar's? And that Caesar's pen is still wielding influence in thousands of lives while his sword is as impotent as the rust which destroyed it? You see Caesar had a greater store of interesting and compelling ideas than the others. Therein lay his real strength.

WHEN ideas are generative, when they inspire beneficial activity they become ideals. Hence ideals are the motive force behind all progress. Find, therefore, the man with the greatest stock of ideals and you will at once find the strongest of men. Such inquiry inevitably leads us not to the great military chieftains, the Alexanders and the Napoleons; not to the great possessors of goods, the Croesuses and Rockefellers, but to the great idealists—the Aristotles, Confuciuses, Buddhas, and greatest of all—Jesus of Nazareth.

Stable-born, without money, without lands, without political or military following, He yet became the world's strongest man. He is most alive today because He was richest in ideals. His store of "things of the spirit" was fullest.

The family then, if it is fully to meet its responsibility, must build men who in turn can and will build for themselves rich stores in spiritual achievement. Here is where Mormonism enters — or at least should enter—in Latter-day Saint homes. Why Mormonism? Because it is the Gospel of Christ.

To the question, "What is the Gospel?" The average Latter-day Saint will readily and glibly answer, "The Gospel is the way of life unto salvation." That definition is true—so profoundly true that the average Latter-day Saint fails to appreciate its entire import. You see, we talk a great deal about salvation and salvation to most of us means something that happens after we are dead

Death seems remote to most of us. We tend to worry about concerns more immediate than death. Furthermore, since our definition: "The Gospel is the way of life unto salvation" begins with *the Gospel* and ends with *salvation* we are inclined to confuse the two—to make the serious blunder of thinking of the gospel as salvation. *The gospel is not salvation!* And our definition does not say it is. It says the Gospel is the *way of life unto* salvation. To put it otherwise, the gospel is the means of getting to salvation. The gospel is not a goal, or an achievement; it is a technique for achieving. Salvation is the achievement. Salvation is the having on hand an adequate stock of spiritual wealth; it is the *possession* of that which gives to its owner the greatest strength, and the gospel, or, if you like, Mormonism, is the way to get it. Moreover, it is the only way to get it.

WORTHWHILE achievement of any sort is predicated upon pretty exact procedures. So true is that, that examples illustrative of it are trite, even banal. For instance, no one questions that in the scientific laboratory desired results can be obtained only by following rigidly prescribed technique. The slightest slip in method may mean the complete missing of the hoped for goal. Even so mundane a thing as a loaf of good bread is the result of particular procedure. Graduation from college is dependent upon fulfilling requirements. Everybody admits all this. It is the more surprising, therefore, that when it comes to "salvation" or the acquisition of the greatest and most worthwhile strength there are hundreds of thousands of otherwise reasonable folk who disregard or discredit—totally or in part—the requisite technique for that particular acquisition.

HAVE we wandered far from Christmas? Let us see.

Our text was announced Christmas: A Means Toward Greater Spirituality in the Home. We have said that in spiritual attainment lies the greatest strength; that the gospel provides the means for that attainment; that the greatest number of the strongest men make the greatest nation; that the home has the responsibility of developing such men. Now how can Christmas be made to contribute?

First let us consider one or two of the fundamental requirements for spirituality in the home. As I see it, there are two, namely, order and love. Confusion and strife are utterly incompatible with the spirit of the Lord.

ORDER may be brought about in the matter of time.

Family habits should be well and exactly regulated. Meals should be served at stipulated hours. You never in your lives saw a short order eating house which was completely restful. The family insofar as it is humanly possible should meet together for breakfast. Every member should rise sufficiently early to perform his particular chores, to make a careful toilet, to meet with the family in family devotion, and to eat *with the family* an unhurried breakfast. (Remember the words of the Lord: "Retire to your beds early and cease to sleep longer than is necessary.") Meeting in family devotion not only makes for order—a great spiritual asset—(who was it said "order is the first law of heaven?") it is a strong fortification against the labor and vicissitudes of the day. Again in the

evening all should gather at the ordained hour for dinner and for evening devotion. The family will gain in spiritual strength if every meal is preceded by the voicing of gratitude for food to eat.

The "blessing of the food" is an important matter in developing spirituality in the home. The word *blessing* here may be a trifle unhappy. Some people are inclined to ask the Lord to bless the food and make it nourishing and even to cleanse it of its impurities. That is not the Lord's business. The preparation of our food is our responsibility. The real purpose of the "blessing" is to offer thanks that we have food to eat. If we remember the Lord in the days of our prosperity He will remember us in the days of adversity.

Order may be brought about in the matter of physical appointments.

"A place for everything and everything in its place" is a well-worn but golden maxim. A beautifully appointed home is a great spiritual asset and does not require lavish trappings.

ORDER may be brought about in the matter of division of responsibility.

Each home should be a successful social unit. That requires organization. In well organized societies, everybody has a responsibility. I remember very vividly a lesson my father taught me in responsibility.

Milking and caring for the cows was part of my chores. One night after feeding the cows, I neglected to close the big window to the hay loft—a thing I had been warned against. My father, perceiving my neglect after I had gone to bed, roused me from my slumber and insisted (firmly but quite without scolding) that I finish my job. He could have gone to the barn and closed the window with far less expenditure of time and energy than was necessary in prevailing upon me to do it, but it was my responsibility and it was his responsibility as head of our family society to see to it that each of us fulfilled his responsibility. I thought it was hard lines at the time, but I have been very grateful since.

Every member of a household should have a contributory responsibility. It makes him a stock-holder in the home corporation. It gives him a preparatory self-reliance for meeting the world.

Love must pervade the home if it is to help build strong men. Love can always be measured in terms of service and sacrifice. Courtesy and politeness in the home are essential manifestations of love. No small part of love should be respect for others' rights.

Every member of the family should have one spot in the home which is exclusively and inviolably his. It need be no more than one bureau drawer, but it should be his and should be sacred to him. He should have such a spot and know it is his from the time he starts to walk.

Such advice may seem homely and commonplace, but remember spirituality is not achieved by dealing in glittering generality and abstract philosophy. It is achieved by doing concrete things and no act is so trivial that it lacks spiritual import. Most of us have ample room for improvement, and what better time than Christmas to inaugurate hearthside reform? The Church has its General Conference and every organization —Church, Stake, and Ward has its conference for revivifying its members and "kindling anew their zeal."

Why not make fuller use of Christmas for the family!

LET'S outline a Christmas technique which will make for greater spirituality and from which the family may profit throughout the year.

First: Call at once a family meeting to discuss Christmas. It is the day set aside as the anniversary of Jesus the Christ the only Begotten of God the Father. In memory of the gifts brought to the Christ child by the magi we will give and receive gifts. Commercial enterprises, avid for monetary gain, are doing their best to take Christ out of Christmas. Gifts valued for their intrinsic worth are a mockery of Christmas. Decide that your gifts shall be simple but richly symbolic.

Agree that there will be no instalment buying for Christmas; that nothing will be purchased which cannot be *paid for in full* by January first.

Agree to making Christmas a home day.

Second: On Christmas morning let everybody wash and dress before going to the Christmas tree for exchange of gifts, and let everybody go together—the youngest leading. If one celebrates Christmas because it is the natal day of the Redeemer of the World, it is hardly fitting to dash out of bed and spend half the morning in night attire and with disheveled hair. The very preparation of getting well groomed will not only add dignity to the occasion but it will make it more impressive and the suspense will add greatly to the fun. Anticipation is a rare sauce.

Third: Have a noon day dinner. Breakfast may well be dispensed with. Eating during, or immediately after great excitement is unhealthful. The short fast will be beneficial and will reduce confusion.

Have a "very special" family prayer at dinner time. Make it an opportunity for a genuine thanksgiving.

Fourth: The afternoon may very profitably be spent in visiting and receiving visits: wishing friends and loved ones Merry Christmas.

Fifth: Spend the evening at home. Have some games in which all the family may join. Have a well planned family party and when the day is quite gone and bed time comes, gather round in candlelight or firelight and decide wherein and how family conduct can be improved for the strengthening of all. Agree to put the improvements into force on the morrow. Sing "Silent Night" or "Now The Day Is Ended" and close the day with prayer. See if Christmas will not be a means toward greater spirituality in your home!

Where Love Is

By Ruth Musser

IT was a perfect Hawaiian afternoon. The long white-capped waves, rolling softly and steadily up the beach, chased the scurrying sand crabs into their holes, and breaking with a gentle swish, retreated, leaving the sand white and glistening. The customary morning shower had left the air cool and balmy. The dazzling blue sky was flecked with tiny, fluffy clouds, whose edges seemed tinged with gold from the mere radiance of the sky itself. A fresh salt breeze blew continually from over the water, bringing with it half-veiled hints of undiscovered treasure islands, rare and costly spices, and mysterious perfumes from the Orient.

But in spite of her surroundings Lucile Thornton was not happy. Reclining in the shade of an immense Chinese parasol, she watched four-year-old Ted paddle in and out of the water, and Jean, two and a half years his junior, toddle unsteadily over the dry sand, picking up bits of coral, shell, and colored rock. And all the while, as she cautioned Teddy about getting too close to the water and extracted bits of shell from the baby's mouth, she wished herself miles away. For it was the day before Christmas; and she would give all this color and warmth and peace about her for one sight of a bleak, snow-covered valley and for the sting of an icy wind.

The sewing she had brought with her had fallen from her lap forgotten, as she gazed abstractedly away over the restless ocean and thought of the changes that had taken place during the past twelve months. A year ago, after a very discouraging session with the account book, she and Ed had been obliged to acknowledge they were losing ground daily; if things went on much longer in the same way, they would be so far in debt that nothing short of a special dispensation of Providence could save them—and this in spite of the fact that they had pinched and scraped to make ends meet ever since their marriage.

IT had been the old story. Ed, working his way through high school, had gone on a mission before he had completed his course. That mission turned out to be an exceptionally long one. He returned five years later anxious to marry the girl who had waited for him so long. But although filled with great hopes and ambitions, he was penniless. Moreover, he was untrained at a time when the country was overrun with unemployed. But he was sincere in his desire for work and before long found an opening. He entered a down-town department store as a shoe clerk—at a very modest salary. Lucile would not consider postponing their marriage until he had a higher salary, and assured him it would be great fun to start housekeeping in pioneer style.

Lucile had been raised in the midst of plenty. She was nearly through college, belonged to an exclusive sorority as well as to various clubs, and was a great favorite among her friends. Ed, remembering these things, was amazed at his good fortune in winning her and felt it unfair to ask such a wonderful girl to embark with him upon the sea of matrimony in such a frail craft as he could provide. But as she was as deeply in love as he, their

engagement was announced, in spite of dire warnings from her friends and relatives. When school was out and Ed had saved enough to make a down payment on a tiny bungalow, they were married.

BUT making both ends meet was a harder job than either had anticipated. When it came right down to facing the monthly installments on house and furniture, and meeting the light, gas, and telephone bills in addition to coal and groceries, what had in theory promised to be so easy proved to be almost impossible in practice. At first they joked freely about keeping the wolf from the door, and considered it great fun to sit down together of an evening with pencil and paper and go over the little budget again and again, trying to squeeze out a penny here and there for extras. But there was never any margin at the end of the month, and sometimes there was a deficit. Gradually these conferences became more serious; but, always hopeful, they would invariably end with glorious plans for the future when he got a raise and promotion.

The first substantial raise came just in time to meet taxes. For a while they were able to squeeze ends together; but then Edward Junior arrived on the scene, and after that the books wouldn't balance at all. So, goaded on by the new stimulus, Ed studied at nights and soon obtained a job in the bookkeeping department, which, though only slightly better in salary, was more promising. He borrowed money for the taxes that fall.

FOR the next two years they skimped along, barely keeping up with ordinary expenses. But soon unexpected calls arose, culminating in the arrival of Jean. Ed laughingly called her his second little "liability" and unfeignedly worshiped her. But the wrinkles in his forehead were not so easily smoothed out now and he always looked tired. The night work he had been doing for some months past was beginning to tell on his eyes, and he was considering the efficacy and also the expense of glasses. Lucile, worrying over him and the babies and the grocery bill, admitted to herself that she was losing her pep and couldn't stand the strain much longer. Things were approaching a climax. Then came the final budget conference in which Ed, worried and serious, showed her the results of their efforts: he had had to borrow more money to meet taxes and pressing bills, they were far behind in payments on the house, doctor's bills were pending, and no raise was in sight.

Lucile smiled down at the baby she was nursing, but her smile was a little weary as she said, "It isn't just the expenses, Ed. It's this everlasting struggle to keep up with everybody—with the neighbors, and my sisters and friends. If we stop for a minute to relax, we're hopelessly behind. But I've come to a point where I've got to stop long enough to get my breath no matter what happens, and I know you feel the same."

Her husband patted her shoulder understandingly but said nothing. Later that evening when the babies were both asleep and the dishes finally cleared up, he told her of an unquenchable desire, which grew in intensity as their condition became more desperate—to return to Hawaii, the land of exquisite beauty and of perpetual sunshine; the land of material well-being and of spiritual content. Although the subject had been a favorite of his since he

returned from his mission, never before had he spoken with such depth of feeling. He confessed that through a friend of his, now on the islands, he had heard of a position as assistant overseer on one of the large sugar plantations in Oahu, that he had made inquiries and, in a moment of recklessness, had applied.

Lucile's immediate reaction was one of delight and she plied him with questions about his chances of getting the appointment and all about living conditions there. She listened eagerly as he told of the little white cottage, already furnished, half-hidden among oleander trees and roses, which bloomed the year round; of the super-abundance of fruit and of the fresh milk, cream and butter supplied at very little cost from the plantation; of the unbelievable salary of two hundred dollars a month.

IN the days that followed doubts and misgivings assailed her. The thought of being separated from home and family and friends by nearly three thousand miles of land and water was terrifying. She couldn't get along without her mother and sisters and Ed's folks. She could scarcely believe her senses when Ed came home one evening early in January, waving a long envelope and telling her to begin packing immediately.

From then on events carried her along in their wake, acquiescent but bewildered. As in a trance she mended, sewed, packed, and attended innumerable farewell entertainments. She was too busy for vain regrets or forebodings. Before anyone could realize it, they were off. On the boat her mind was filled to the exclusion of all else with the novelty of ocean travel, the care of the children, and a great delight in seeing Ed so wonderfully recovered in spirits. After a brief stay in vivid, laughing, colorful Honolulu, an unforgettable drive along the magnificent Nuuanu boulevard, over the Pali, and along the coast to Hauula —they were in their new home.

The business of getting settled took up all her thoughts for a time, and when she did again consider the future, the prospects were very bright, for she saw how the debts could easily be paid in a year; and then, after saving for a few years, they could go home financially independent. But whenever she talked it over with Ed, he would laugh and say teasingly, "Why ever go home? Now that I've got you here, wild horses couldn't drag me back."

This would disquiet her for a while; but when she saw how perfectly happy he was and how well and energetic the outdoor work was making him, how sturdy and brown Teddy grew by living always in the open air, how Jean's pale little face was filling out and becoming actually rosy, and when she herself felt a returning strength she had not experienced since Teddy was born, then she agreed with Ed and declared it a perfect place to live—"for a few years."

AS time went on life became a little monotonous. It was so quiet it began to be oppressive. The only amusements offered were a weekly picture show and an occasional concert by local talent, both in Laie five miles away. Otherwise their diversions consisted of driving in the evenings, infrequent trips to Honolulu, and sea bathing when a party could be gathered together. They had little company, as there were no other white people within walking distance. At Laie were the missionaries, also the plantation manager and his family, with whom

frequent calls were interchanged. And there were a few friends in Honolulu, whose occasional visits were rare treats. But there was no one with whom she could chum and exchange confidences; and, what worried her more, no playmates of their own kind for her children.

The ocean was her salvation. When things grew too discouraging, the greatest solace she knew was to take the babies down to the beach, and while they played in the sand to sit and listen to the deep, rhythmic roar of the breakers until her melancholy was forgotten.

But today it did not soothe her. Instead it added to her discontent. She admitted to herself that the novelty of a land of perpetual sunshine and flowers had worn off. The obvious perfection of her surroundings was cloying to the senses. She was tired of the soft, clear atmosphere in which things never got sooty or smoky; tired of the daily shower; tired of the riot of bloom on all sides; and she would give all the palm trees on the island for a glimpse of one tall, straight poplar against a pale gray sky.

As she looked at her children she rebelled that there was no one near to help her enjoy them, to share with her Teddy's bright sayings, the gleam of his mischievous brown eyes, or Jean's bewitching, dimpled smiles. Of course there was Ed, but she wanted her mother and sisters to see and exclaim over the perfection of her children. Ed had of late seemed less anxious to set a definite date for their return. "Isn't this home, honey?" he would ask laughingly, and change the subject. She remembered that the debts were not clearing up as fast as they had expected and shivered at the implication. She felt she could stick it out cheerfully if there were only the assurance that it would not be forever.

The lengthening shadows warned her that it was time to return. Ed had gone to town earlier in the day to get the trimmings for the tree. She realized she had wasted the entire afternoon. There were many things to be done, but for some reason she wanted to stay away as long as possible. So it was with a sigh that she bundled Jean into the carriage, and, with Teddy trotting along at her side, took a roundabout way home.

AS they reached the little white cottage among the oleanders, and entered its thin frame walls she thought a house should be built of brick on a solid stone foundation, with wide, substantial chimneys, and, inside, an open fireplace by which to hang the babies' stockings on Christmas Eve.

Teddy took this opportunity to ask a question he had asked innumerable times during the past week, "But, Mummy, if Sandy Claus *did* want to come down the chimbley, would he go away 'cause we haven't one?"

"Of course not, Teddy," she answered sharply, "haven't I told you so a great many times already?" But as the eager eyes clouded, she was filled with remorse. Drawing him to her she reassured him as she had done before, "Why, Sonnyboy, you know Santa only comes down chimneys when there's no other way to get in, but he doesn't really like to because they're so dirty. We'll leave the front door open and he'll be glad to come in that way."

SHE set about getting the children's supper. Afterwards, with uncontrollable excitement on the part of the youngsters, the ceremony of hanging the stockings was con-

cluded. Then there was a story of Christmas when she was a little girl and some Santa Claus songs—which all sounded hollow to her. Then the evening splash in the bathtub, and finally the two priceless little ones were safely in bed.

Lucile tried to busy herself with the many tasks still waiting to be done. But she could not settle her mind to the work, so finally gave it up and went out on the porch to wait for Ed. A full moon had just arisen, throwing a soft mellow glow over the tranquil village. The windbreak of shimmering Australian pines swayed wraithlike against the horizon, and through a break in their ranks she saw the sea. It was a flawless evening; and to add the final touch, from somewhere over the way came the faint strumming of a steel guitar and a soft crooning voice was raised in her favorite Hawaiian melody, *"Imi Iau Ia Oe."*

She leaned back and closed her eyes. In fancy she could see that same moon shining on icy whiteness, and hear the jingle of sleigh bells and the crunching of feet over frozen snow. A tear glistened on her cheek, but before she could give way entirely, an auto horn broke the stillness and two blinding lights in the roadway announced Ed's return.

They said little as they worked together over the tree and stockings. Lucile did not trust herself to speak and Ed seemed preoccupied.

"I say, Lu," he said suddenly, "it doesn't seem to be really Christmas. You can't get the spirit in a place like this, can you? I swore I'd never be homesick but something sure has got me today. Why, in town, you would have thought it was closer the Fourth of July than Christmas." He stepped back to survey the tree, so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not hear the tell-tale sniff from his wife. " Do you remember last year when we were all at Mother's?" he continued rather dreamily as he readjusted the big star. "Remember the big living room lit just by the fire in the grate and the lights on the tree, an' the kids all dancing around on the rug, an'—"

"Don't," pleaded Lucile brokenly. "I c-can't stand it another m-minute," and she burst into a torrent of uncontrollable weeping.

"Oh, my dearest!" cried Ed as he gathered her into his arms and sat down with her in their one little straight-backed rocker. Pressing her head to his shoulder, he rocked gently. She made a desperate effort to get herself in hand but could only sob convulsively while he stroked her hair and murmured, "There, there, honey—cry it out—I know."

Gradually the sobs grew less violent and Lucile attempted to smile as she dabbed at her swollen eyes. But her husband rose, carried her into the bedroom and, depositing her on the bed, said in an authoritative but husky whisper, "Go to sleep, dear—everything will be all right. I'll finish up out there. Remember, everything will be all right."

Soothed by the assurance and spent with her emotions of that day, she dropped off to sleep—to dream of home and Christmases long past. And after a while with her dreams was blended the crackling of a log fire, the unmistakable sound of sleigh bells, and a familiar voice singing joyously,

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way—"

She sat up with a start, feeling that she had overslept. Through the open window she saw the long, slanting rays of the sun already gilding the eternal greenness on all sides, and heard the shrill chatter of minah

birds in the mango trees close by. She closed her eyes and sank back with a sigh of disappointment. She had only been dreaming after all. But she heard again the sleigh bells and the jolly voice finishing the chorus:

"Can't you hear the merry chimes
Ring out from Santa's sleigh?"

Then the patter of bare feet over the matting and a joyful whoop announced Ted's discovery that Santa Claus had really come. From her crib Jean was clamoring to be let down. There was no time for gloomy reflections now.

Hastily she drew on a gay silk kimona, patted down her hair, and, catching her daughter in her arms, opened the door to the next room—stopped and caught her breath. She wondered for an instant if she were not still dreaming. The shades had been tightly drawn. A soft, cheery glow pervaded the room from the chandelier whose lights had been carefully covered with red crepe paper, and the candles on the tree. Over the front door were draped branches from one of the native trees in the yard whose red berries and waxy green leaves so closely resembled holly, and on the curtains hung home-made wreaths of the same—a most lavish display. On the table stood a vase containing three gorgeous poinsettas, an undreamed-of luxury—from their own bush. Ed was gaily whistling as he helped Teddy into a harness bedecked with sleigh bells, and beneath his feet was a great pile of stiff paper which he crackled purposely to make the illusion complete.

"You darling," breathed Lucile with a catch in her throat and a sudden desire to cry again, although Jean, who had wriggled to the floor, was exerting every effort to bring her into the center of the excitement.

"Like it?" grinned Ed above the hubbub, and then suddenly broke out into "Jingle Bells" in a very loud voice which was so obviously meant to hide a tremor that they both laughed. Then, remembering to whom the day belonged, they wholeheartedly settled to the joy of helping the children explore their stockings and strip the tree. After that there were the boxes and packages from home, which had lain in the house for a week untouched, in accordance with an unwritten law long ago agreed upon. With trembling, eager fingers and an excitement equal to that of the children, they undid the wrappings and brought to light present after present attesting to the unchanging love of those so far away.

But in the midst of the wanton, joyous upheaval it became evident that unless some rational steps were imemdiately taken, two little empty stomachs would be stuffed beyond redemption with a mixture of hardtack, nuts, and Lucile's best chocolates. So the children were hurried into the kitchen where they submitted to the traditional milk toast only on condition that afterwards they could openly eat all the candy they could find. Whereupon their mother hastily retreated to the dining room to see that most of it disappeared before the milk toast did; in the momentary lull she came upon Ed awkwardly trying to set the room to rights. He was about to let up the shades but she stopped him.

"Don't dear. Let's leave the place in this glorious Christmasy mess a little while longer," she begged, coming close to him and putting her hands on his shoulders. It was their first quiet moment that morning and she did so want to show him that she had repented of last night's outburst,

and that she appreciated his thoughtful attempt to ease the homesick pang for her; how much she appreciated him, and how she would go to the ends of the world with him if he should ask her. But she didn't know how to say it so she just pulled down his head and kissed him.

He must have seen it in her eyes, or else their brightness dazzled him, for he looked quickly away and cleared his throat. He also had something to say but didn't know how. He hesitated an instant, then began, "You know, Lu dearest, you've been an awfully good sport. I know it's been pretty hard at times—lonely and awfully quiet and not having the family or anyone around to chum with. And I know how you feel about the kids, too." He pulled an envelope from his pocket and went on, "I didn't say anything about this check before as I wanted to surprise you. It's my bonus for the year."

Lucile gazed at the check in amazement. They had not been told that an annual bonus might be expected. And such a big one—it was unbelievable.

"Do you know what that check says?" continued Ed. "No? Well it says we're free of creditors. It says that our last debt back home will be paid by New Year's and every dollar we save after that takes us nearer home and a good, fresh start there."

For a moment she could not speak. A flood of relief and joy held her. Then came remorse. She had misjudged him, her Ed. While he had been planning for her happiness, she had been thinking him unfair. And he did so love this place. She looked up with a glorified smile and said simply, "Ed, dear, I can't tell you how happy I am and what a wonderful Christmas this has been. But I'm sure now, if you should ask me, I'd be willing to stay forever, here or anywhere, just to be with you."

He drew her to him and held her close.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

Children we are. We want bright gifts from Life
At Christmas time—a treasure or a toy
—Forgetful how the world, so worn with strife,
Needs gifts that time and change cannot destroy
—The gift of love deep-planted in our hearts,
Of kindliness to motivate all hands,
Of skill in friendly and fraternal arts,
Of warm good will abroad in all the lands.

The gift of peace, of knowledge, and of grace,
The gift of willingness to serve and bless,
The gift of friendliness in every place,
In every place the gift of happiness
—We ask Thee, Ruler of our destiny,
Hang all of these upon our Christmas tree.

Mental Hygiene of the Adult

By Mark K. Allen
Psychologist at Utah State Training School

(Digest of a talk given at the Relief Society Conference, Oct. 3, 1935)

THE principles of mental hygiene are not necessarily mysterious. They are in the main comprehensible to the average person and within his reach for his own utilization. Mental hygiene is based upon science, but it differs from the everyday common-sense of living only in being more refined and critical.

One of the principal pillars in the structure of "Mormon" philosophy is the doctrine of eternal striving. When translated into the language of mental hygiene, this doctrine means constant adjustment to changing circumstances confronting the individual. Mental ill-health means failure in some phases of this adjustment process. But the individual who becomes perfectly adjusted and remains so is a fiction. The zestful, vigorous person thrives on meeting and solving new problems. The well adjusted individual is he who meets joyfully each new challenge, not he who shies around his difficulties when something more effective might be done. That any person can avoid getting into mental "jams" of various degrees of seriousness is inconceivable. Mental and spiritual growth come through a struggling with dilemmas. This is the meaning of eternal progress and of mental hygiene.

When an individual finds himself on the horns of a dilemma, or when he is faced with a crisis, he may either retreat or charge into the teeth of it. He may solve his problem by ignoring it. Christian Science denies the existence of all evil and "works" so long as a person is able to ignore reality. Mesmerism was based on people's faith in the healing power of "animal magnetism" and was truly effective in curing purely mental or functional illness, as opposed to organic or bodily ailments. The secret lay in the power of suggestion rather than in peculiar powers possessed by Mesmer himself. Coue preached, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better," and his disciples did feel better up to a certain point. The shortcoming of these systems based on suggestion is, of course, that they detach the individual from the real world of problems rather than leading him to face the complete facts and waging a courageous battle to change them if possible. However, the value of intelligent encouragement directed toward genuine adjustment cannot be denied. Lucky is the man who can put his best effort into changing intolerable situations, but who can make the best of those he cannot change and move on to something else.

A second general device for achieving relief from mental stress is cartharsis—the purging of one's mind of its troubles. The value of this method is readily recognized in personal experience. "Talking it out" with a friend, making religious confessions, and bearing testimony usually bring some relief. One of

the great psychological values of prayer is the purging out of grievances and fears before the Lord. He who prays earnestly rises from his knees a better man. This aeration of conflict material which is achieved by catharsis is of great value in giving the person an objective view of his problem, a detachment from the emotional loading of his attitudes thereby permitting a fresh, vigorous, and more intelligent attack.

When catharsis is employed, the greatest danger is, as in the case of suggestion, that the individual is liable to be so satisfied by the relief gained through the "talking out" that he becomes a "bore" who does little but weary others with his troubles and who fails to take the next and most important step, namely, changing the original aggravating situation in such a manner that he is able to more or less permanently dispose of the strain it causes. Likewise, praying and confessing one's sins may become an easy way of absolving oneself of the responsibility of truly improving one's way of living.

WHAT are some of the typical conflicts confronting adults and how may they be resolved most effectively? Mental hygiene is concerned with how well an individual meets all of the demands made upon his capacity to adapt himself to circumstances. It is, therefore, as broad as life itself. But more particularly, average adults undergo certain fairly typical changes which may contribute heavily to the difficulty of maintaining mental health. The following list of conflicting situations commonly met by adults will suggest many others to the reader: (1) need for reconciling youthful hopes to adult reality, (2) slowing down of the tempo of living, requiring changing many established habits, (3) assuming of responsibilities and finding one's role in the home and the community, (4) changes of recreational and social interests, (5) divergence of interests between husband and wife as the family matures, (6) later on, the weaning of the family and filling the void, involving the difficulty of permitting the children to grow up intellectually and socially, (7) the departure of the grandparents, (8) and, finally, the looking back on past failures and facing the reality that one's zenith has been passed.

The mental hygienist is not so much concerned with what an individual is confronted with as he is with how he "takes it." For example, when loved ones are lost, the important point for mental hygiene is not the fact of death but how those who must go on react to death. The gravity of any conflict must always be evaluated, not by its appearance to others, but in terms of how a person is affected by it.

WHEN we are not responding efficiently to our problems, certain more or less characteristic danger signs may appear. They should not be alarming to us, but should simply indicate that a better method of meeting problems should be sought. Of many possible indicators of inadequate adjustment, the following few are suggested: (1) violent hatreds, especially when they appear to the impersonal observer to be out of proportion to the cause, (2) accumulation of real and imaginary enemies, (3) presistent fears and dreads, (4) a sense of sin, (5) *enjoying* poor health and a desire for excessive coddling from others, (6) inordinate preoccupation with the past, (7) loss of interests in

other people and objective things.

These danger signs are easily recast into positive rules for acquiring and maintaining mental health. There is no panacea for achieving mental health. Each individual's problems are peculiar to himself and must be met in terms of all that makes up his individuality. However, a few principles will be stated with the hope that they may prove of somewhat general value.

1. A sound mind depends upon a sound body as a rule.

2. Keep the friend-enemy balance well in the black. Intend to make and keep friends.

3. Think through your fears. Remember that "a dreadful certainty is not so bad as an uncertain dread." Learn all you can about the object of your fear. "Courage is having been there before."

4. Dispel the blues by objective activity. Overcome brooding by cleaning the cupboard shelves or taking something to a needy neighbor.

5. Utilize the cathartic value of prayer and friends, but always take care that opening your soul leads to active reconstruction.

6. Avoid a sense of sin or guilt. Think of your "sins" as mistakes and consider yourself wiser because of them. A just God will forgive all mistakes so long as we profit by them.

7. Cultivate progressively unfolding interests, preferably those your husband can share with you.

8. Take care that your thinking has a forward reference. Don't sell the real joys of today for the reminiscences of the past if you can avoid it.

9. Remember science has demonstrated that learning ability declines but little throughout most of the adult years. New interests can be acquired and our way of looking at life can be changed if the proper motives can be built up.

10. Think of the setting of the sun during your declining years as the dawning of another day, the opening of the way to new opportunities for joyous striving. Have faith that each day's effort has significance for the hereafter and that death does not bring all to a futile close.

Miracles

By Harrison R. Merrill

EVERYWHERE I look I behold a miracle. By miracles I mean those things which I cannot explain or understand. Of course, I am told that many of the phenomena before me—if not all—are entirely controlled by law. Nevertheless, they remain beyond my poor brain—they hover on the edge of that vast unknown sea out of which for a while they float into my vision, my hearing, my smelling, my feeling, my tasting, my sensing. I disappear from this earth. I am led to believe, after a few years, but they remain—ever floating out of the darkness into the sunlight.

Some people think of miracles as those phenomena which occur infrequently—that surprise us—that upset law and order. They may, but to me the regular, the controlled, the ever-recurring are the most astounding miracles of life.

For instance, for a few decades I have been observing the sun rise. That huge yellow ball has appeared every morning of my life, I know. Sometimes it has been invisible, but I have been sure of its place—its existence—its exact location. Ever since man first began sailing the seas he has been dependent upon that ball's being in exactly the right spot at the given moment. The ancient Aztecs or Toltecs or whoever built the mounds near Mexico City learned of the sun's regularity and so constructed their pyramids that the shadows fell on a definite spot each day, even after two or three thousand years. Now that is a miracle.

We paused during a party to go out to view an eclipse of the moon. The newspapers had told us exactly when it would begin, when it would be complete, when it would end. They could have told us the exact time a hundred—a thousand years ago had some one cared to figure the thing out.

What a miracle of precision and regularity!

Beside me is a pot of golden-glow that a lover of the yellow flowers brought in to my desk. I can see back of those round heads of gold, long stems of green, and artistically-cut leaves a tiny seed. That seed was a wonderful thing. It had wrapped away in its heart somewhere, a tiny, invisible element of life and in that element was the very pattern of this huge and beautiful plant. I have seen a wizard bring a rabbit from a hat, but that was child's play to this. Think of planting a seed and knowing beforehand what the leaves, the stem, the blossoms, the odor would be like. And yet, it never fails.

The miracle of the ordered! The miracle of law!

I often get to thinking what a fearful world we live in—what a wonderful world! Here on this huge ball we spin around at a thousand miles an hour in an atmosphere which is a veritable dark continent. Think how long the old thing whirled, even after man was riding it, before he caught the significance of the streak of lightning. He never dreamed that invisible in the air there was a power that would light his house, furnish sparks for his car, and turn his mills. He thought the lightning was erratic. He never

dreamed that it was governed and controlled; that it could be harnessed like an ox, aye, with much more safety than an ox, because it was far better controlled by law. Now he knows much about this force and, consequently, he can use it.

For centuries man lived and laughed and left this old world without knowing that the air he breathed was full of microbes ready to work for him or against him. Frequently he was pounced upon by some of these "ravening wolves" and killed in a month, in a day, or instantly. Poor chap, he often thought his gods were angry and that he was visited with sickness, the curse of God, on account of his sins. He did not sense that sickness is governed by law. He did not know of the great unknown ocean out of which his enemies swarmed. He was helpless and without weapons. Then he made himself some glass eyes with which he could see these ferocious little germs and fashioned some weapons with which he could slay them. He learned, to his great delight, that sickness is governed by law and can be fought by law.

The miracle of the regular—the law-abiding—banishes a certain kind of fear. Man became a crusader because he had found his weapons and knew how to wage his wars. When the germs of diphtheria attacked him, he called a crusader with his needle-gun; when he learned that the typhoid germs were lurking in a stream, he boiled his water and killed them, and made himself immune from their attack. He knew those microbes were governed by law; therefore, he could fight them.

MAN wanted badly to fly, but he had no feathers and no wings. He had learned of laws, however, long ago. He knew that a bird could hold its place in the sky. That lad, Green, who was not so dumb after all, said: "A bird can fly, so why can't I?" Man knew that laws held the bird to its course. He studied birds. He studied air currents. He studied power. He studied everything he could and assembled everything he could.

Many thought they had found the laws, but failed. And then one day the Wright brothers took their old "crate" out in the field and it flew. The rest was easy. The laws were dimly sensed and all men knew of the miracle of the regular. That which would hold a "crate" up one day would hold it up on another.

THINK of a universe that has been running a million years—a billion years, and has never lost a tick—that's a miracle.

Man and his friends, the animals, would have had a hard life of it had it not been so. How surprised a horse would be some morning to find that he was lighter than air and could not keep his feet on the ground. Think of the owl who would flop out of a high tree and find that somebody had changed the laws to such an extent that his fluffy wings would not hold him up. Think of a man who would go out and plant a kernel of wheat and find it growing up in his field as an oak. (Some of us have planted kernels and found them growing up as heads of smut. Once that would have been a surprising thing; now we know that even smut is governed by law.)

MAN and his friends, the animals, are original forces. Man, especially, is original and, to an extent, free. He can manipulate the laws of the universe around him. Should you tap a little piece of unannealed glass, you know that it will fly to

pieces. Tap a man and you can never predict what he'll do. He may kiss you or kill you; frown upon you or envelop you with his smile. He can manipulate the laws he discovers and make them work for him, but he must move cautiously or he may build a Frankenstein.

Man cannot perform a miracle that is beyond law, any more than he can make something out of nothing. When he learns of the miraculous regularity of the universe, he can work wonders. He can make water run up hill; kill typhoid germs before he sees them; save a city from the ravages of diphtheria; fly in the air and ride a boat many fathoms under the sea. He can do these things because of law, not in spite of it. He can make celluloid talk, a glass-eye count for him, and catch auto speeders, and can swallow without his tonsils, but he knows he is not putting anything over on the universe. He knows he is a creature in a great net of universal, inexorable laws which he may use to catch other creatures with even though he knows there is no escape for himself in the end—he must die. But, happy thought, One who knows the laws of life, says he will live again.

HE who finally bows before the universe and recognizes her regularity of performance is on the high road to happiness and stands a good chance of overcoming some of his childish fears. He will recognize in his fellow men great creatures who, like himself, are attempting to learn of the miracles around them in order that all may work together for the common good.

How happy it makes me feel to know that the sun will rise tomorrow and every day throughout my life; that water will always run down hill and float when it freezes; that soil always will produce if it is given food, moisture, and sunlight; that seeds will produce their kind; that sickness is governed by law and may be conquered by law; that to the end of time and throughout all eternity there "is a law upon which every blessing is predicated."

I bow in humility before the miracle of regularity—of law.

Yule Music

By Carlton Culmsee

Far over the white hill
In the frosty dusk,
The voice of an old bell sang to temper the chill
And mellow the wind that had been quick and brusque.

Dark fell. Again the song
Came deep and slow.
We knew the folk in the valley, the quiet and strong,
Were gathering there in the little church in the snow,

To hear old Christmas sung,
And quaintly told
In cadences of a half-forgotten tongue
Heard only as a music sweet and old.

Blossoms

By Sadie Maurer

STANDING in the door way of a little tarpaper covered shack, just at the twilight hour, was a young woman perhaps twenty years old with dark, wavy hair, blue eyes, eyes that looked frankly at you, and soft, beautiful hands. It was plain to be seen, she had come from a home of culture and refinement.

As she gazed out over the endless grey of the sage brush desert, a sigh escaped her lips, "Oh, if there were just one blossom."

She had come to this desert home, just two months before, with her young husband, happy in his love, and with a vision of the future, and a courage strong to stand behind that vision. They were determined to make their desert home a place of beauty.

THE days lengthened into summer with its withering heat, and the few tiny seeds that had managed to struggle through until now, were beginning to die. How tenderly each had been cared for, and as they withered one by one, again that murmur escaped her, "Oh for just one blossom."

YEARS rolled swiftly by. Tiny hands plucked the buds, just before the blossoms came. Hail and storms destroyed the plants.

The husband taking her in his arms wiped away the tears that threatened to fall. "You will yet make many happy with your blossoms," he assured her. "The raising of rare flowers will be one of your greatest joys."

THREADS of silver began to appear in the dark hair. The hands were no longer soft and white. Time had added wrinkles to the once smooth brow.

Spring was here with all its fragrance. The desert home was now a place of beauty. Thousands of flowers were growing around the door.

It was just three days until Decoration Day and orders were pouring in for cut flowers.

Again at twilight the woman stood at the door, the song of the meadow lark and the mingled scent of blossoms and sage made her happy.

Through the gate came a messenger, asking if she would furnish flowers to decorate the church, for an exhibit that was to be held. For a moment her heart seemed to stop beating, then raced madly on. She thought of the many orders, of all the flowers it would take to comply with the request, of all the things she had planned to do with what she realized from the sale of those flowers. Could she do it? Could she possibly make the sacrifice?

Then again her husband's arms were around her with the comforting assurance that sacrifice and service are best. The next day the church was fragrant with the perfume of thousands of blossoms.

Franz Johann's Holy Night

(A Christmas Reading)

By Fae Decker Dix

FRANZ JOHANN sat alone in his cottage. It was Christmas eve. He was recalling with bitterness a Christmas Eve of forty years ago when his Mary had been taken from him. A baby son had gone with her. And, a year after that their little daughter followed them.

That was so long ago that it seemed to Franz he had always been alone.

Now he was an old man, broken and tired, with only coldness left in his heart after life had seared him with the trials besetting those whose backs must bear many burdens.

Life couldn't do any more to him, Franz had thought. And, life didn't do any more to him. Just passed him coolly by with an indifference as stinging as the pains of any loss had ever been. Forty years of living —yet not living! Forty years of being beaten to earth's dust with each attempt to rise! These things had not taught patience to Franz Johann. They had worn down the once bright fiber of his courage, killed the peace of his soul, and broken the heart that once won friends so easily. His only fear of death was in meeting Mary who would know he had not kept the faith of their young promises, that he had grown weak when he meant to be strong, that he had hated when he longed to love.

The dark thoughts of Franz hung wearily about him tonight. He drooped in his faded arm-chair. His head bowed into the gnarled hands that had toiled so unavailingly all these years. Pitifully he murmured over and over,

"Oh, Mary—Mary! Teach me humility—that I—may join you there."

To Franz' memory came the words he had heard his lost wife say so often years agone—"We must be grateful for all little things, Franz. For love, for honest friendships, for this tiny cottage, even for the hurts life brings to us. They make us grow."

TONIGHT she seemed so near to him. His every move seemed guided by an invisible hand. Was it his hand, or Mary's, reaching out to open the window that he might better view the brightness of the stars, and the soft whiteness of the falling snow?

Across the way a church stood all lighted for the Christmas singing festival. Every window blazed forth almost rivaling the stars in their gleaming. It was nearly forty years since Franz Johann had sought its holy shelter.

As he pushed back the shutters a flood of gentle music came undulating from the lighted windows of the little church. Franz recognized the words of the old carol*:

"Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright!
Round yon virgin mother, and Child!
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace!"

So long since he had heard the hymn, or felt the spirit of its holi-

*A more effective climax will result if a violin plays "Holy Night" very softly from this point to the end of the reading.

ness, the sweet tenderness of its melody. Again and again the glorious tones rose and fell in beautiful, thrilling song. Franz stood transfixed.

Suddenly he was his old self once more! The Franz of earlier days, filled with the beauty of truth, and love, of 'peace on earth good will toward all men.'

Tears rolled down his cheeks. Quietly he quoted to the frosty night, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." In utter humility, Franz fell to his knees before the open shutters to pour out the gratitude of his heart in prayer.

Louder the carollers' voices came! They were leaving the old church now. Gloriously their song rang out to the night:

"Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly host sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born! Christ the Saviour is born!

"Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, Love's pure light,
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at thy birth! Jesus, Lord at thy birth!"

The first dawn light of Christmas morning touched tenderly the gray old head of Franz Johann as he still knelt by his open windows.

Neighbors found him. One said he had frozen to death in the cold eve of the Yuletide. Another said he was stricken while closing his windows against the merriment of carollers. But, a third looked at the calm, still face and said, "Franz Johann died in peace!"

GALILEE

By Annie Wells Cannon

If I could stand upon the shore
of Galilee
Where Jesus walked in
majesty
My soul would trace
in imagery
The glorious light upon his face;
His sweet humility and grace;
And I would hear his words
sublime
Pierce through the vaporous mists
of time
Then would I kneel upon the shore
of Galilee
And kiss the sands in ecstasy
Where Jesus walked in majesty.

Christmas Dinner in the Seventies

By Agnes Just Reid

MARY, the wife of the homesteader, bent over a bit of sewing and contemplated the coming of Christmas with much dissatisfaction. As she had thrown out the dish water, after washing the supper dishes, she had paused for a moment to notice the great white world in all of its glistening splendor and something within her cried out that Christmas should be different from other days. All day she had racked her brain for some suggestion, now it was growing late on Christmas eve and no idea had come to her.

This was their tenth year on the homestead and, while they had never known actual want, as the children grew older she longed for things for them, things that would make their little lives happier. Now, more than anything, she would like to give them a real Christmas dinner with turkey and plum pudding. She could just picture a turkey coming out of the oven all brown and juicy and she could almost hear the boys shouting their appreciation for they had never even seen a turkey, much less tasted one. Some mothers might be longing for a tree on this night of nights, a tree on which would be hung fragile toys and gaily dressed dolls, but with Mary it was the material things that counted most. She had five boys, but no girls, and even if their resources had been ample, the boys would have asked for guns and spurs and saddles, things that do not go well on a Christmas tree. Besides, Mary herself had never seen a Christmas tree. She had left England when she was four years old and, since that time, civilization had been just behind her. All her life had been spent on the frontier and most of her company had been men, but she had always found that no matter how long they had been away from home and mother, at Christmas time their thoughts would drift back to both and they would unfailingly speak of the dinner. That was what she wanted to leave with her boys, something pleasant to remember about this Christmas, something they would still recall when they had children of their own.

SHE had gone over her supplies. They were ample enough, but oh, so limited as to variety. In one corner of this room in which Mary sewed, a room that was living room, kitchen, bath room and bed room for the boys, there was a pile of flour, sack upon sack clear to the ceiling. It was piled in a most systematic manner, leaving little tunnels all through it where the cats could pass along in search of mice and it was elevated from the floor for the same reason. In that mountain of flour was a year's supply of bread for her ever growing family. In the large lumber box where she kept her groceries there was rice, sugar (that must be used sparingly), dried apples, dried peaches, beans, salt, pepper, cinnamon and nutmeg. These last two luxuries that the homesteader thought they could ill afford. Then in the cellar were a few potatoes, the only thing they raised in their garden for winter use and there was nearly always beef, from their growing herd of cattle, and always butter and milk and cream. The children were not underfed. They had ruddy complex-

ions, bright eyes and untiring spirits. They were in bed now but they had not carried with them any illusions about Santa Claus.

THE homesteader was visiting at the cowboy's cabin. It had been an especially lonesome winter for Mary for he spent much of his time there. Six cowboys had found themselves out of work and winter coming on so they had begged permission to occupy the tiny cabin that was on the place. They were nice enough boys, some of them forty or more, but always "boys" in the West, and Mary was glad for the homesteader to have company, but they did a good deal of smoking and swearing, so it was agreed that the children were not to go there. Sometimes she read to the children, sometimes she played games with them, but more often, she stitched away alone. She snuffed the candle for the hundredth time and got up to put more willow wood in the stove. It was turning colder. She wondered if "Slim," the cowboy with the fair curly hair, was home from town yet. He had ridden in to the terminus of the railroad that morning, fifteen miles, and had expected to be back early.

Seated again at her sewing, she went over the possibilities of a different Christmas dinner, but try as she would she could not make it sound different. "Roast beef, potatoes, gravy, dried apples." Again and again she repeated the same dismal menu. She sighed heavily. Well, she would put a little cinnamon in the apples and perhaps she could make doughnuts. There were still a few eggs that she had hoarded from the warm days of fall. Lard she never had but there was a plentiful supply of tallow and she used that for frying everything. Of the tallow that was left from cooking, she made every bit of soap that was used for toilet and laundry purposes and every candle that lighted their dark little cabin.

THE mending done, Mary began to make a few preparations for morning. It was ten o'clock but she would like to know that "Slim" was home. He was such a boy and there were so many pitfalls in town. Every other building in the mushroom town was a saloon. Almost in answer to her wish, she heard the snow squeaking under somebody's feet and soon the door was thrown open by "Slim" himself. "Hello, mother!" he called cheerily, "Lonesome?" "Why, hello, Slim; no, not lonesome, just a little uneasy about you. I was afraid you might be——cold." "Slim was carrying a gunny sack that showed by the folds of wet and dry that it had been tied to the back of his saddle. He took out his pocket knife in true, deliberate, cowboy fashion and carefully cut the string from the sack and dumped the contents on the floor. There was a very large package and three smaller ones, quite a load for a horse to break trail with. "Mother," he said, "we thought if we'd get a turkey maybe you'd cook Christmas dinner for a lonely bunch of punchers and I got a little candy and nuts for the kids, too." Poor Mary was almost in tears but before she could stammer out her thanks, "Slim" was gone. She opened the packages unbelievingly. What a beautiful turkey, and all dressed, and there was a sack of raisins. My, they must have cost a lot, brought all the way from California. Dear me, she could not go to bed yet, she must run down cellar and get some suet for the plum pudding. It must be chopped tonight for they were going to have the best dinner in Idaho, the kind of dinner she had dreamed of but never expected to have.

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

VII

IT was a morning in early June. Linda hummed softly as she dusted the shelves of her small store and put the books and chairs in order in the tiny reading alcove. The world seemed good today. She had noted when she was sprinkling her flowers how large the silver maple and the Russian olive trees she and Henry had planted that first year they came to live in Ike Lacy's house had grown. The climbing roses at the south windows and over the trellises were masses of pink and red and white, and her other perennials seemed to be vieing with each other in thrift and bloom. The robins had returned to the apple tree out by the well and the sun was gloriously warm and full of promise.

Strains from a violin came to her ears from the back bedroom. Linda's lips parted as she listened and she beat time softly with her dustcloth as the strain was repeated over and over for greater perfection. Richard never gave up until he had mastered what he was working with, whether it was a little composition of his own or a selection from his practice book.

Linda wished that Mark had some of Richard's persistence. Mark was slow and easy going like his Uncle Thad. She checked a sigh, and reprimanded her own thoughts. She mustn't expect too much from the children. As Henry often reminded her, they couldn't be perfect. Neither could they all be artists as she was now quite sure Richard would someday be. Oh, they would *have to* manage someway to give him his chance! That creative spark which enabled him, even as a child, to build beauty out of the unheard melodies in his soul was too precious to be left groping for fulfillment.

In her tenderness for Richard's gift she reminded herself that Mark was just as dear in his own sweet way. Not another one of her five was so tender and thoughtful of her. He was always bringing her some little offering of love—a flower, a choice piece of fruit, or a quick, shy kiss on her cheek.

They were all wonderful, Linda thought as she went on humming, thrilled with the richness and satisfaction motherhood had brought her. She had ceased to worry about the limitations of Cedar Basin. No place in the world could be so dear to her now as this drab little town; for here she had experienced the joys of a bride, and here her babies had been born, and here she and Henry had made for themselves a good life.

KATHIE came in the door and Linda put her dust cloth away.

"Good morning, Kathie. How are you all? I haven't seen the children for days."

"Oh, we're all right, I guess, but I came to talk to you about something important, Linda." She sat on a stool near the narrow counter. Linda got her darning basket from a shelf and sat opposite her.

"Has Mel been to see you and Henry about what he's going to do?"

"No." Linda couldn't explain to her sister-in-law that she had asked Mel not to come to her home, nor that she never went to their mother-in-law's unless she was accompanied by Henry or was quite sure Mel would not be home. She hated that

secret of Mel's passion lying between her and Henry, but she had decided after painful and long deliberation, that it would be better not to tell Henry unless she had to. Occasions had arisen when he had misunderstood and censured her. One had been last summer when Effie was ill. He had thought she should stay at nights to take care of Effie. But she had made excuses, and had nursed her sister-in-law during the days, but had hired Mary Foster to stay nights. She never saw Mel without remembering that dreadful experience three years ago. When she had heard Mark's voice that night as she feared she was going to faint, she had suddenly became strong and unafraid. She had stood before Mel and looked him straight in the eyes and had said,

"How can you do this to me! I would rather die than to have Henry know what kind of brother you are, for he has always idolized you. Don't ever come here again unless you know Henry is home. If I should have to tell him—I'm afraid he would kill you." Mark had come into the room and Mel had hurried away. From that time he had never come near the place except on occasions when the family was all together, or unless he came with Henry.

"What is Mel going to do?" Linda asked.

"He's going to sell his share of the farm and go away—to California or someplace. He's going to leave his terrible old mother for the rest of us to take care of."

Linda's only sensation was one of relief—that he was going away.

"She's Henry's and Thad's mother, too, Kathie."

"But Mel is so selfish. He's always taken the best of everything and can't see it. He doesn't expect to share at all what he'll get for his land, and Thad says it will be thousands and thousands. Enough to put us all on easy street if he'd only be fair. He'll leave the house for his mother and Effie, he says, but he thinks the rest of us should take care of them now. That means someone will have to go there and live—you know how frightened Effie is to be alone."

"Don't you think he'll provide for them if he goes?"

"No. He says it was the rest of us who wanted to divide the property, and he thinks he has a perfect right to all that oil land, when it isn't his by rights, any more than it is Thad's and Henry's."

"I know, Kathie. But let's not worry too much about it. I imagine the boys can make him see that such a thing wouldn't be fair."

"Thad tried to do that this morning, and they had an awful quarrel. That's why I came to see you. When will Henry be back?"

"Not until Saturday—maybe not until Sunday. He's going around to Mendon to bring the children home from school, you know."

"Well, I guess you can hardly wait. Eddie's about through college, isn't he?"

"Just one more year. It doesn't seem possible. And Jenny will be a freshman next year."

"But about Mel. Thad thinks he's planning to go right away. There's a man coming today to buy his land. I wish you'd talk to him, Linda. You have a way of getting along with everybody, and Thad thinks you could do more with him even than Hen."

"Oh, no, no," Linda cried. "*I* couldn't talk to him."

"Why? It's as much to your advantage as ours. He'll probably be gone before Henry gets back."

"I wish I could, Kathie, but I—I —don't see—I don't think it would do any good."

Kathie was looking at her searchingly.

"Linda, is it true what Thad once said to me, that Mel is in love with you?"

"What nonsense!" Linda tried to laugh. "We just don't get along—that's all." Then as Kathie continued to stare at her, she said,

"Of course I'd just as soon try, if you think it would do any good."

At that moment Sam Potter, whose mother kept the one telephone in town, poked his head in at the door.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mrs. Henry."

"What can it be?" Linda was filled with a sudden premonition. Calls to the telephone usually meant sickness or death—or some other disaster."

"I wish I could stay and see what it is," Kathie said, "but mother is over to Aunt Lucy's and I left the children alone. You won't forget to see Mel, will you?"

"No, Kathie. I'll try to do it right away." Linda called the children to watch the store, and hurried away.

AS soon as she heard Jenny's sobbing voice over the wire, she was sure something had happened to her son.

"What is it, Jenny? Tell me quick!"

"It's Eddie, Mommy."

"Is he hurt, or sick? Tell me, Jenny!"

"He's—he's in trouble, Mommy, and you must come. I can't tell you over the telephone."

"I'll be there tonight," Linda said, clinging to the instrument as she fought off her impulse to faint.

"Is anything the matter, Linda?" Nancy Potter asked curiously.

Linda brushed back her hair and leaned against the wall.

"Eddie—has had—an accident. Maybe it isn't serious, but Jenny wants me to come. Has the mail gone?"

"Yes. Left about three quarters of an hour ago. If you could find someone to take you in a car, I think you could overtake it. I'm sorry, Linda. If there is anything I can do, let me know."

"Thanks, Nancy." Linda with fear clutching at her heart, hurried home. She felt almost certain it was — money — Eddie had taken money that didn't belong to him. He still seemed to have that passion to feel money in his hands, to hear it jingling in his pockets. She recalled the experience of the pennies on his eighth birthday. She recalled, too, other crises — the letter that had come his first year away, asking about a note for his second semester's tuition. They had sent the money to him weeks before. When Henry went to see about it, Eddie had the money—changed to small bills and silver, most of it in his pockets. He declared he was going to pay it before school was out, but that he hadn't remembered just when the note was due. She hoped it was nothing more serious, although that, of course, had been serious enough, and they had thought he had learned a lasting lesson.

She wondered whom she could get to take her to catch the mail. Melville had a car and he was the logical one to ask. But she couldn't bring herself to do it.

She explained briefly to the children that something had happened to Eddie; Jenny hadn't made it clear just what—but she must go at once. She sent Mark to see if Lars Har-

rison would take her, and Richard to see if Lem Tucker would if Lars couldn't.

Richard returned first with word that Lem had his car in the field. Mark came back a few moments later. Bonny was tending the store while Linda packed her bag.

"Lars says something's wrong with his engine," Mark said. "But I saw Uncle Mel standing up there by his car, so I went and asked him. He'll be right down."

For a moment Linda stopped in her packing. Then she realized there was no other way. Besides she no longer felt afraid.

IN a few moments Mel was at the gate, and Linda, giving final instructions to the children was getting into the car.

"It's good of you, Mel. I believe if we drive fast we can catch the mail."

"What's happened? Mark didn't seem to know."

"I don't know either, Mel. Jenny was crying and said she couldn't tell me over the phone. I'm afraid though — that Eddie — has taken money." She put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept. Then feeling that she owed Mel some explanation for such a statement, and feeling that she must unburden herself in someway, she poured out to him the story of her struggle all through Eddie's life with his weakness.

Melville was silent when she finished. Finally he asked if Henry wasn't in Mendon.

"Not yet," she told him. "He went first to see about getting a new caretaker for the little country place where my uncle used to live. He won't be in Mendon until Thursday or Friday."

"I wish I could go on with you," Mel said, and Linda was struck with the genuine concern in his voice. But she did not look at him. She kept her eyes straight ahead, hoping to catch sight of the mail truck.

"I can't go, because a man is coming to see about buying my land," he continued after a little pause.

"Kathie told me this morning you were going to sell." Linda remembered her promise to Kathie, but she couldn't bring herself to mention the unpleasant subject now, with this trouble on her mind and Mel being so kind.

"She says you're going away."

"Yes—I'm—thinking of it." Then suddenly he turned from her and said,

"I guess you understand why, Linda." She shrank back a little and he felt her movement.

"Oh, you don't need to be afraid of me—now. I'm not quite the beast you think I am—or that I was once."

She looked at him for the first time and all at once she felt sorry for him. He seemed so tragically alone in the world.

"Mel, I wish you could find a woman to love, and would get married and be happy like the rest of us."

"But when I've found the woman —and she's already married—what then?"

She didn't dare to look into his face.

"Oh, no, Mel. You *don't* love me. You mustn't think such a thing."

"Don't I! God!" He turned his face away, and speeded up the car. Linda could see that his hands were gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles showed white under his brown skin. They were turning a bend in the road and to her relief she caught a glimpse of the mail truck.

Mel slowed down. He drew the back of his hand quickly across his eyes and reached into his pocket.

"Linda, if what you think is true about Ed—you'll need this." He placed a roll of bills in her lap and again stepped on the gas.

"Mel—I couldn't—"

He cut her short as he turned out of the road beside the mail truck.

"Isn't Ed something to me, too?" he demanded gruffly.

IT was almost dark when Linda reached Mendon. As long as she lived she was never to forget that next half hour. Years afterwards she used to wake suddenly in a cold sweat. In her sleep she had been entering again those heavy barred doors of a jail—of a jail—to see her son! She had been walking as in a hideous nightmare down dark, foul-smelling halls behind a man with a huge bunch of keys. She had been standing as in a trance while he fitted a key into a door which swung open revealing the white-faced figure slumped in the corner of a cell. Over and over, first in her waking hours, later in those horrible dreams she had lived that scene. Eddie's stifled cry at sight of her; his cringing back from her first touch: his long, hard sobs as she had gathered him into her arms.

He had little to say. He couldn't explain how he had come to do it. He had been going around with other boys who had money and there was a girl he was beginning to care for. They had planned a farewell party for the last night of school. He had seen the other boy take the wallet from his pocket just before they had gone into the gym, and he knew that he left it in an open locker. It was only a matter of running out a moment into the locker room for a drink and slipping the money from one pair of trousers to another.

There was no excuse, he knew. She shouldn't have come. He wasn't worth her tears. All he wanted was to die. He could never rise above the disgrace. She must try to forget he was ever born and let him die of his shame.

Linda never remembered what she said to him. But she knew that she sat holding his head in her lap, swaying back and forth as if he were a baby, pouring her love over him, when the key again sounded in the heavy door. She remembered clinging to him, afraid the jailor had come to take her away, and then she had looked up and seen a kindly-faced man with a grey beard and understanding eyes.

"I just heard what had happened to our boy," he said, "and came to help."

(To be continued)

We Too, Follow the Star

(A Christmas Sermon)

By Claire Stewart Boyer

AT this spiritual high tide of the earth it is meet that we who shepherd our flocks leave them for an hour, that we who may be called wise leave our observatories of wisdom to listen to divine voices singing "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." For no matter where or what our station there is for us a star of Faith that burns brighter than all other stars and we too are impelled to follow it.

FOR those of us who are shepherds, who have led but simple lives, who have lived with the earth and the sky, unperplexed by what lay beyond, whose bodies have toiled willingly, whose imaginations have been cozily confined to the flames in our hearth fires, for us the journey across the desert has not been long nor arduous. Awe and wonder have held us, have kept us meek and believing. And when other bright stars have appeared on the horizon, near our brightest one, we have looked away and would not see, saying, "There should be no other star to outshine our star, therefore there is none." And when our eyes returned to our brightest star it seemed more glorious and we were safe! Thus to our hearts our faith has become a consolation and a peace. And "blessed are they whose faith is absolute for they are at one with God."

BUT the journey of the wise men is not so simple. For during the bright days they beguile the time with thought upon the universe and its meaning. And lo, in the midst of their dissertations, with the brightness of the sky upon them, the star of Faith is lost! With eager searching and keen discernment the star that men call Beauty becomes visible. And the wise men go happily on their way, worshiping Beauty which is so like the star of Faith. For the star of Beauty has the same youth and gladness and is the fairest substitute that heaven can claim for faith.

BUT other wise men are more skeptical. They must plot the heavens with compass, rod and tape. And their disputations turn to argument and the skies become dark and stormy until no star can be seen. So looms a discontent and a weariness in the lives of the wise men who must have an answer to their doubts.

AND there are still other wise men who neither worship art nor science but who follow the star of Faith when the night is dark because there are no distractions of sight and sound. But in the day time their journey spins so merrily before them that they forget to look for the star and traveling their own free path, they lose the way. Some of these are brought back to the star by a brother with clearer vision, by a thought winging its glad course about the world, by a sudden circumstance.

HAVE you seen a mother give her entire Christmas savings to buy the Good Book for her children? Have you opened the door on Christmas morning to a Madonna and child whose Christmas gift was

the holy sight of the three, and in the arms of the might-be Joseph a yule log to brighten your fire?

Such glimmerings of faith are life's divine manifestations of man's heritage of light.

STILL some wise men must be compelled to look deep into the wells of need or sorrow or suffering in order to catch the reflection of the star of Faith. Yet that star is present in the daytime when life is joyous and at night time when life is deep. And the journey goes on until we humbly approach the stable and kneel in reverence to the Christ, knowing that shepherd and wise man symbolize body and mind and both must bow before the spirit

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

KEEP RADIANT

"God meant my life to be
Radiant, with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply looking towards the light."
—*Selected.*

THROUGH the past year we have been searching out choice patterns of life, ideals, for our guidance and our strength. Faith, purity, health, serenity, youth, love, mirth, truth, and industry are the keepsakes we have selected for our treasure chest of life.

As the years come and go we shall each of us continue to add to our precious store. Let us not be satisfied until we have secured the best. For out of the chest of our soul's treasure we hope to draw the inspiration and the strength, the courage, the wisdom, and the joy that we shall need each day as we journey through life.

In our quest for happiness we are forever choosing, trying to discriminate between good and evil, harmony and discord, joy and sorrow.

"Each in his own tongue" spells life differently. To the child it is play, to the lover it is romance, to the sage it is wisdom. What will spell heaven for us?

Professor N. L. Nelson once said, "Only that can truly be called mine for which my soul has affinity. Real wealth is that which becomes part of the soul-texture. Wealth that is woven into the mind and heart tends ever, like angel's wings, to lift against the downward pull of sin, the galling burden of selfishness."

"For what is a man profited," the Master asked his disciples, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Are we reaching out for higher revelations of righteousness? Is our enrichment of life, our soul growth, a matter of deeper consideration to us than our social standing and our bank account? What of beauty and philosophy have we built into our lives during the last year? What of strife have we put out? How are we going to shape our lives during the coming year? Out of our cluttered mistakes and triumphs of the past may we not find the fundamental truths that will guide us on our way? Can we not make our high moments more permanent?

Orison Swett Marden tells us that, "Our heart's desire is our perpetual prayer which nature answers." And Ella Wheeler Wilcox offers the following uplifting thought for the new year;

"Build on resolve and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see
The fair white pages that remain to thee."

HAPPINESS is not something we attain or hold in our grasp. It is growth, development, life made larger and richer, and withal, sweeter and more beautiful. "Life is in the quest." It is for us to learn to catch the music in the bird's song, to see the

beauty in the sunrise, to feel the joy of the undercurrent of life.

Says Insley Heebner Berlin,

"Be happy today
Don't wait for the morrow
To clear all the skies of gray—
Or waste precious hours
On yesterday's sorrow
But live, and be happy today."

WITH salt water all about them, the sailors on a stranded lifeboat were at one time dying of thirst. Seeing a ship in the distance they signalled wildly for water. The reply came back across the white spray, "Dip down where you're at."

They followed directions and learned to their joy, that they were drifting above an undercurrent of fresh water. They baled up pails of the water and were at once refreshed and strengthened, and were soon picked up by the larger vessel.

What miracles might come out of these magic words for each of us, "Dip down where you're at."

Dr. George H. Brimhall, that wise and well loved teacher, many years ago advised his students; "Idealize the real and you will realize your ideal."

Are you living in a bread and butter world, where all of life is just plain, bare facts? Or is your world colored with romance and beauty, and glorified by the presence of unseen angels?

Let us not miss the sheen of ideality. Those who have learned to recognize "the glory of the commonplace" are walking ever in the presence of the divine.

"Be true to the vision that comes to thy heart,
Be true to the radiant gleam;
For the things of tomorrow are only a part
Of what is today but a dream.

"It was following visions that carried the race
From out of the jungle and den,
And the onward struggle would slacken its pace
If visions should cease among men."

—*Author Unknown.*

THERE is an old German myth of the Key-Flower that runs something like this. One day while a shepherd boy was herding his flock on a sunny hill side, he came across a beautiful sky-blue flower. He stooped and plucked the flower; and as he pulled it from the soft earth, a door opened before him in the side of the hill, and he saw inviting steps leading downward. Following the steps, he came into a cavern filled with precious treasure. At a table in a low chair, sat a gray-bearded Kobold, a wise old goblin who guarded the treasure.

At first the boy felt afraid of the little old elf, but his fears were dispelled when the Kobold said in a kind voice, "Take all you want, but don't forget the best."

Upon receiving this invitation, the lad laid the flower on the table and began filling his pockets with silver coins. But he soon espied a second room leading out of the first, and finding that it was filled with golden coins, he stood hesitating, when the little old elf again said, "Take all you want, but don't forget the best." Realizing that the gold coins were more valuable than the silver, he emptied some of his pockets and filled them with the gold.

Going on to a third cavern, he was delighted to find it stored with precious stones; rubies, emeralds, and diamonds glistened in radiance about him. Again the voice called to him to help himself, and so another exchange was made, this time for a rich supply of the precious stones.

At last the boy's pockets were so

heavily loaded that he could carry no more, so he started back. As he was ascending the steps out of the cavern the Kobold's kind voice fell on his ears, faint and far, "Don't forget the best." But knowing that he already had all he could carry he paid no heed to the warning voice.

As he stepped out into the sunshine and looked about him he saw his flock of sheep quietly feeding just as he had left them. But when he turned back to the hill side, the door had disappeared. And then he felt his pockets grow strangely light. Putting his hands into them, he drew out only pebbles and dry leaves. What could it mean? He remembered the voice calling after him, "Don't forget the best." Ah, now he knew. He had left the key-flower lying on the Kobold's table. He had forgotten the best.

Had he only remembered to have brought the flower back with him, then, it is supposed, the coins would have remained trusty gold, the jewels would not have lost their luster.

How many times do our valued possessions turn to pebbles and dead leaves in our fingers. And yet we reach again for the luring, empty baubles, counterfeit coins of happiness, that can never bring us more than transient pleasure. Day after day we are forgetting the best.

Always and always, we are searching for the bluebird of happiness, longing for the other person's golden windows, forever in quest of the land-'o-dreams. I wish—, I wish—, is the discontented longing that whisks us from one disappointment to another.

Why should we forever be reaching for the wishing-bone? Why should we run the world around in search of joy? Do we not usually come back to our own hearth-stones to find the satisfaction we sought afar. And did not the Master tell us long ago, that the Kingdom of God is within us?

But even though we know that heaven is all around us here and now, we somehow fail to claim our possession. We loiter along in the very presence of the thing we are searching for, and do not realize until it is too late, that this is the answer to our heart's yearning, the one thing that could have brought us happiness. Like the shepherd boy, we wait until the door is closed against us and then we remember that we have left our most precious gift behind us.

What is the key that will unlock the door to our soul's desire? Shall we ever reach the harbor of our dreams? Have we found the touchstone that is the answer to our quest? The key-flower that will hold our treasures to their true worth?

YOU remember Miss Muloch's beautiful story of The Little Lame Prince, who was unjustly held a prisoner in Hopeless Tower. He was not able to leave the tower until he had a burning desire to rise to better things. When he asked in the name that the Good Fairy had taught him, his desire became a reality. The magic cloak which she had given him, lifted him up out of the lonely as he desired and asked for other blessings, he was given eyes to see, and ears to hear, and his heart was made to understand. The Fairy, who was the power for good, provided crystal water for his thirst and warmth for his little freezing body. And in the end, carried him out of Hopeless Tower, to the reclamation of his own kingdom and the salvation of his people.

Do we not all of us at times, find ourselves in the Hopeless Tower of

Despondency? Let us not forget that there is a sacred name by which we may rise and claim the blessings in store for us. We, too, may have our eyes opened to see, our ears opened to hear, and our hearts touched to understand the truth, if we but desire it and ask for it.

Will not Christ's Gospel message be living water to quench our thirst in the burning desert? Will not his great love be warmth and joy to comfort our weary souls in the hour of our need?

If we accept his Gospel message and incorporate it into our lives, if we keep in communion with him through earnest prayer; then, the same light of truth that made his life so gloriously radiant, may illuminate our own.

The Gospel message is the reply to all our questioning, the answer to our heart's desire. It is the gift that shall glorify all of our other treasures. Like a diamond, it never grows dim; it never becomes old; it can never be outgrown by science or philosophy, for it is eternal. It is a light in the darkness, a song in the silence, a sweet flower in the wilderness. It is a staff to the feeble and a triumph to the strong. It is the one priceless gift.

"Not to be purchased, not to be sold,
Not to be bartered for silver or gold;
But a gift to man from the courts above,
To be held in his keeping by deeds of love."

No other blessing is so rich in soul values. No other message is so far-reaching; for it is the message of universal love and of peace and of life everlasting. It is the star of hope that has shed its rays of scintillating gladness to the ends of the earth.

"The Star of Bethlehem shines out
To guide us with its light,
Just as it led the Wise Men
That first sweet Christmas night.
Oh, may it give us strength and peace
And make our path so clear
That only happiness may fill
Each day of the New Year.

—*Selected.*

"Beyond the Grey Corridors"

By Lillie M. Dale

WHEN the weather was cold and stormy, Jim Gibbs paced the grey corridors of the County Infirmary. Corridors whose cement floors were no harder than many of the hearts of the men inmates. Human hearts, rock bound by adversity; overcome by evil; crushed by neglect or utterly friendless,—waiting within those grey walls to die.

Clean shaven and neat in appearance, this old man never very talkative, passed the strange assembly day after day in the grey corridors without ever speaking. There was something the matter with all of these individuals, either mentally or physically or else they would not be there and Jim Gibbs did not care for their companionship. Often when wearied by his tramping, he would enter a long, narrow, bare looking room where there were eight or ten beds. Throwing himself down on his own bed, he would attempt to read the sport page of a local paper and it would end by his going to sleep.

When summer came he was outdoors wandering about the grounds. The lawns were green and velvety, with rose bushes bordering the walks. The Infirmary was a credit to the city. It was situated on a busy street. Standing on the corner Jim Gibbs would listlessly watch the traffic. Everyone seemed in such a mad rush. Automobiles of all makes and descriptions went hurrying by. He saw the street cars plying to and fro from the city, wherein sat well dressed women and men beside the working class. He felt he was as much apart from that activity as if he did not exist. He had ceased to count the years since he had entered that cream brick institution. What did it matter? Bitter and benumbed with the deal life had given him, he was just waiting like the others to die. He didn't have a cent to his name. Trifles that would satisfy him now were beyond his reach. His resentment was intense and had he possessed the strength, his fury would have known no bounds. And with all this thinking that went on, Jim Gibbs did not once condemn himself for the situation.

One afternoon a group of women came to the Infirmary. They were well gowned, sweet faced, kindly spoken women who had come to read to their less fortunate brothers and sisters. The last person to make her way slowly up the cement incline which is used these latter days instead of stairs, was a beautiful dark-eyed woman with a radiant smile. Noticing Jim Gibbs, who happened to be standing near the main entrance, she spoke to him in a silvery voice and asked him if he wouldn't join them in the chapel and listen to the reading. The man just shook his head.

OUT on a rose bordered walk another day Jim Gibbs encountered the lady with the radiant smile.

"We are taking our friends for a long automobile ride this afternoon," she explained. "Wouldn't you like to go?"

"With pleasure, lady, thank you."

Seated in a handsome car with other inmates he leaned back against the soft cushions and on the long swift ride, he forgot all about the grey corridors, his penniless and friendless condition and the utter hopelessness of his life.

His old eyes could not take in all that was to be seen, nor could he remember where they were taken, but that gliding, even, swift motion filled him with delight. For days afterward he dwelt on the pleasure of that ride. He did not talk to anyone about it, it was not his way, but the monotony was broken, he had at least escaped the grey corridors.

Before the summer was over, other rides were enjoyed and after that Jim Gibbs met with the old folks to listen to the reading.

THE Superintendent of the Infirmary was a just and upright man who had held that position for many years as there had been no political changes. He knew each inmate personally and knew their past history, all but that of silent Jim Gibbs, who gave out nothing.

Many years ago, the day before Christmas, a desperate criminal, later apprehended, had been sought by the police of the city. They had searched every nook and corner within the business section, they had combed the haunts of vice and crime, but failed to find their man. Toward evening Christmas eve, two motorcycle policemen had ridden to the out-skirts of the city. Riding up to an unpainted, dilapidated shack with broken windows and having the appearance of having been deserted for many years they cautiously pushed open the front door. It sagged on its hinges. With their flash lights and guns ready for use, they crept silently into the dark room. There was no furniture, no fire, and the two windows with broken panes were stuffed with gunny sacks. It was bitterly cold in there. From a corner came moans and a wheezing coughing. Springing forward the officers turned their lights full on the miserable, pinched face of a man lying on a pile of old rubbish, blue with cold and shivering pitifully, his fever parched lips were unable to tell them anything.

"Fooled again," exclaimed the tall policeman.

The police patrol was called and Jim Gibbs was taken to the County hospital. Here he lingered for weeks with double pneumonia and when he had sufficiently recovered, yet weak and shaky, he was placed in the adjoining Infirmary, a county charge. This was all the Superintendent or anyone else thereabouts knew of him.

IT was approaching Christmas again. Jim Gibbs looked upon Christmas as a day foolishly observed and belonging solely to children. There was no deep significance in the story of the Christ child to him.

At the Infirmary, church organizations and club members made it a day long to be remembered by the inmates. The dinner was all that had ever appealed to Jim Gibbs. Never having any home ties or little ones to cherish made this sour old man regard the Yule tide as he did.

But, somehow this coming Christmas he seemed different. He began by saluting the men whom he passed on his daily walks in the grey corridors, and the old men wondered what had come over their silent companion. He surprised himself by helping crippled Joe Lyon with some work assigned to him. Why hadn't he done this before, he thought? He even endeavored to comfort a recent arrival, a really fine old fellow who had been well off at one time and who had been placed in the Infirmary by an indifferent relative. He had a kindly feeling toward everyone and in return his associates

assumed a different attitude toward him.

How he wished he had fifty cents, with which he would buy the fine old gentleman a Christmas present. To be sure, fifty cents wasn't much, but it would buy some thing. Fifty cents! Thousands of dollars had passed through his hands.

He seldom visited the city without car-fare; how could he? However, one day Joe Lyon invited him to help him reach the business district. Joe had been given some change, so he paid Jim Gibbs' transportation and the two old men visited the five and ten cent stores and spent several hours looking around. This had given him an idea of what could be purchased with fifty cents. He wondered how he could go about to earn fifty cents. He hadn't done a stroke of work for years, in fact he had made his livelihood in quite another way. He could ask one of the kind ladies who read to them, to give him the money. The lady with the radiant smile wouldn't refuse, he was sure she had plenty, but Jim Gibbs, being a curious mixture of independence and pride wouldn't beg. Ever since he had first listened to the reading, he had suffered from a keen sense of remorse. His misspent life, evil and fruitless passed before his mental vision like a review. Curious too, how some of the "movies" which were shown at the Infirmary every Monday evening, presented some phase like that of his past life. Humble and repentant Jim Gibbs was striving to "enter in."

The lady of the radiant smile frequently visited the Infirmary between readings to bring some dainty to an old grandmother she was interested in and upon one occasion, she ran across Jim Gibbs.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Gibbs," she said pleasantly, "we are to have a wonderful program Christmas eve; of course you will be with us?"

"Thank you, I am looking forward to it," he replied.

Then just for an instant he gazed wistfully at the radiant lady. Did she understand? I think she did, because she paused, put her gloved hand into her elegant, leather purse and drew out two silver dollars.

"Please accept this for Christmas shopping," she exclaimed impulsively.

Jim Gibbs felt an unusual lump in his throat, his eyes filled with tears. What was the matter with him anyway? He brushed the tears away and thanked her hurriedly.

"I am so glad you are coming so regularly to our meetings," declared the radiant lady, "I am sure to learn about God and His goodness, and man's relation to Him, will be a great help to you."

"I never knew much about Him," replied Jim Gibbs. "I didn't seem to care to become acquainted. Everything isn't quite clear yet, so I want to ask you, how a man as wicked and useless as I have been, can ever be forgiven or find favor in His sight?"

The radiant lady smiled one of her quick, beautiful smiles.

"I am pleased that you have asked these questions, if that is what is troubling you," she responded earnestly, "you see all through the Bible, it tells us that there is a God, 'who forgiveth all our iniquities,' when we sincerely repent and turn unto Him in faith. And the Prophet Habakkuk said of God, 'Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.'"

When Jim started on his shopping expedition his two dollars seemed a fortune. Standing waiting for a street car, a farmer driving to town with a truck load of turkeys and other fowl, noticed the old man and

judging he was from the Infirmary, invited him to ride with him. When he left him at his destination, he slipped more than his return car fare into his hand.

When he entered the store, there was a jam of people. The bewildering display of Christmas goods kept him peering eagerly first at one counter then at another. The crowd pushed him here and there but he didn't mind. Once a silly school girl nudged her companion as the shabby old man stood looking at a pair of gloves. Of course they knew he was even too poor to buy anything like that.

At last after being jostled the entire length of the store, he found the men's handkerchiefs. They were ten cents each and a very good quality, the clerk told him, the colored borders being all the rage for gentlemen. Here the girl winked at another girl clerk, but the by-play was not noticed by the interested shopper. He bought six handkerchiefs and thrust them into his over-coat pocket. That was such a small present for his fine friend, he must buy something else. It took him sometime to find the ties. To be sure he had never seen his friend wear a tie of any kind, but that was probably because he didn't possess one.

There were four-in-hand ties and bow ties, large and small and of various colors. It was hard to decide which to buy. He had commenced to feel tired, too, and the hurrying, buzzing about him was confusing. Finally he selected a bright blue bow tie. There was seventy five cents gone already with not a thought of purchasing a thing for himself and filled with the spirit of Christmas giving he continued seeking for another present. Pocket combs were the next to atract his attention. His fine friend had a heavy shock of white hair, a pocketcomb in a case would be just the thing, so a green comb in an imitation leather case, was added to his purchase. It was getting late in the afternoon and he was about ready to leave the store when he thought of poor old crippled Joe Lyon. What could he buy for him? Retracing his steps, he found a cotton and wool muffler. Joe was great for being out of doors, even on a frosty morning, and this would add much to his comfort. So a happy but tired Jim Gibbs ended his Christmas shopping.

CHRISTMAS EVE!

An enchanted city, a Fairyland of glistening, feathery snow flakes. Icicles hanging from the roofs like jeweled daggers. Inside the Infirmary all was warmth and cheer.

"Peace on Earth, Good will to men," sang the ladies' chorus.

The program was highly entertaining and the old folks, children once again, waited with hearts aflutter for the great event—the Christmas tree. Tall and stately it appeared before them, ablaze with many colored electric bulbs, glittering with silver and gold tinsel and laden with many beautiful and useful gifts.

Much to his surprise Jim Gibbs' name was called different times. In a neat box was a pair of new shoes. He knew at once the donor was the radiant lady, while the new shirts and other gifts kept him guessing. The words of appreciation from his fine, old friend and the delight of Joe Lyon fully repaid him and in his heart he knew that this was the very best Christmas he had ever had.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

DECEMBER—Now love, the priceless gift, abounds in words and deeds of kindliness.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, famous newspaper correspondent, presided at the Annual Friendship Dinner of the American Woman's Association and also made a brilliant and forceful talk. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt were guests of honor, while Fannie Hurst, novelist, Judith Waller, of radio fame, Mollie Warren Wilcox, editor and publisher, were among the speakers.

MAUD PALMER TERRELL is the only woman electric light fixture specialist, in New York. She naively remarked, she wanted a brilliant career so she decided to sell lamps.

NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS, first woman to direct the United States mint now has her image on a medal of the mint.

MISS LISBETH QUALTROUGH, forty years an educator in the Salt Lake City schools, died last month. She was distinguished for her fine qualities as a conscientious teacher.

NELLIE YOUNG, an Idaho girl of sixteen summers, died a heroine when she rushed into a burning house and saved the lives of three children.

SOPHIE DAVIS, of California, 101 years old, declares "I'm still pretty chipper," while Ellen Carrol of Newfoundland, 108 years old, enjoys walking to church.

LADY ALICE MONTAGUE SCOTT, the new Duchess of Gloucester, now takes precedence before Marina, Duchess of Kent, in Royal circles, but surely not in Royal hearts.

RUTH NICHOLS, society aviatrix, who beat Amelia Earhart's transcontinental record, was severely injured recently in a plane crash near Troy, N. Y.

EVELYN B. HOAG, of Pennsylvania, is the first person to swim the width of Boulder lake.

HELEN JACOBS, four times winner of the American tennis championship is spending the winter in Europe engaged in literary work.

KATHARINE CORNELL'S latest venture is the production of Shakespeare's, Romeo and Juliet. Maurice Evans, the London actor who trained with the famous Wessex players for stage versions of Thomas Hardy's novels will be Romeo to Miss Cornell's Juliet.

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS RING, of Notre Dame college, Ohio, has written a scholarly biography of the philosopher and social economist, Villeneuve-Bargemont.

MARTHA DICKINSON BLANCHI has recently made a great literary find, having discovered 130 unpublished poems by her aunt, Emily Dickinson.

"THE ROMANTIC REBELS," by Frances Winwar is the story of the poets Byron, Shelley, and Keats told by a fascinating author.

ELEANOR AMES' book, "Modern Etiquette" and "The Romance of the Patchwork Quilt," by Carrie A. Hall, are useful and interesting new books.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - - - President
AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
KATE M. BARKER - - - - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

THE GENERAL BOARD

Emma A. Empey
Annie Wells Cannon
Jennie B. Knight
Lalene H. Hart
Lotta Paul Baxter
Cora L. Bennion
Amy Whipple Evans
Ethel Reynolds Smith
Rosannah C. Irvine
Nettie D. Bradford
Elise B. Alder
Inez K. Allen
Ida P. Beal
Marcia K. Howells
Hazel H. Greenwood
Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mary Connelly Kimball
Janet M. Thompson
Belle S. Spafford
Donna Durrant Sorensen

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXII DECEMBER, 1935 No. 12

EDITORIAL

Christmastide

THE joyous Christmas-tide is here with its outpouring of good will, with its beauty in store and street, in home and church. It gives a benediction to the fast passing year.

In the music of carols and bells, in the beauty of the holly and mistletoe, of Christmas trees and lighted candles, all hearts are lifted up in joyous thanksgiving, for Christmas is a time for putting aside envy, for uprooting anger, for setting aside feelings of vengeance. It is a time for self-forgetfulness, for unstinting service, for the unfolding and perfecting of one's highest powers; a time that calls forth expressions of loving good will to all mankind.

It is natural for people to desire to give visible expression to the feelings in their hearts at this festive time. Just as the wise men out of their love for the Bethlehem Babe gave him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, so do people everywhere desire to give gifts to their families and friends, but all too often this is made a time of undue stress and strain, of worry and unhappiness. Gift-giving instead of being a lovely thing, often degenerates into a sordid exchange or becomes a source of debts that may not be paid for months to come. No matter how great is the inclination to give lavishly, if one cannot pay, the desire should be curbed. People should be honest before they are generous. It is a mockery to make the celebration of the Christ's natal day the beginning of days of worry over debt. A telephone message, a call, a card, or a letter may convey one's loving thought and need not entail worry and long indebtedness. After all the best Christmas present to one's family and friends is to live a Christ-like life. On His natal day it is fitting that thoughts of Him, of His precepts, His examples and His matchless love should fill all hearts. So celebrated Christmas Day should be a prelude for such thoughts during every day of the year.

Red Cross Stresses Home Safety

THE Red Cross has inagurated a nation-wide campaign to eliminate accident-causing hazards in the home and on the farm. The organization proposes to make the homes of the community safe, for they point out home accidents are due largely to carelessness, negligence, lack of knowledge and that most of them are preventable.

"The four horsemen—Death, Permanent Disability, Injury and Economic Loss—ride rough shod into many homes over the nation every day in the year, exacting their toll as a result of accidents that occur due to unsafe habits or unsafe conditions. Deaths resulting from these accidents are not counted in hundreds but in tens of thousands; permanent disabilities in hundreds of thousands; injuries in millions. The tragic part of it all is that these home accidents could, in most cases, be prevented by the use of corrective measures at little cost or effort."

The American Red Cross feeling sure that this loss of life is unnecessary, that suffering can be reduced by calling the American people's attention to the hazards that exist and the dangers of unsafe habits, is showing methods by which dangers can be eliminated and unsafe practices be corrected.

The home accident problem is nation-wide and hence there must be nation-wide concerted effort if satisfactory results are to be obtained. While accidents cannot be eliminated entirely, they can be reduced.

During 1934 there were 101,000 persons in the United States who met accidental deaths. In the same period of time 370,000 were permanently crippled and nearly ten million were temporarily disabled. The cost to the country during 1934 was 3½ billion dollars.

Of this casualty list accidents in the home caused 34,500 deaths, permanently disabled 150,000 and injured nearly 5,000,000.

We hope Relief Society women will cooperate with the Red Cross organizations in their communities and will do all in their power to make this campaign eminently successful.

"Go Thou and Do Likewise"

THE following incident contains a valuable lesson for our Class Leaders:

More than ten years ago, before I was called to work in the stake, I decided that my motto, as a ward literary leader, should be "a part for everyone."

After the first year a little lady with silvery hair, very elderly she was, came to me and said, "All my life I have been a hearer in Relief Society but this year because of you I have been a doer. I never expected to be—I didn't dream I could. May God bless you."

During that summer she passed away and as I stood before her bier I heard her friends remark about her loveliness, her newly discovered talent, and the sweet smile she still wore upon her face.

Gone was my remembrance of the snowy trips and the extra labor that it takes to supply opportunity to others and I said in my heart, "It is pay enough."

—*Linnie Fisher Robinson.*

Lesson Department

(For First Week in May)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON VIII

The Testimony of Martyrdom

1. *A Life of Persecution.* From the time of the first vision to the martyrdom, the Prophet's life was characterized by almost continuous persecution and personal hardship. Concerning the slander and oppression to which he was early subjected, he has this to say: "How very strange it was that an obscure boy of a little over fourteen years of age, and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labor, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones of the most popular sects of the day, and in a manner to create in them a spirit of the most bitter persecution and reviling. But strange or not, so it was and it was often the cause of great sorrow to myself."

2. The Prophet then goes on to say that he himself felt much like Paul of old when he made his defence before King Agrippa and related the account of his vision. Concluding, the Prophet said: "So it was with me. I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak to me; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me falsely for so saying, I was led to say in my heart: Why persecute me for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision; and who am I that I can withstand God, or why does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen? For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it; at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation." (Pearl of Great Price, pp. 49, 50)

3. Immediately after he received the plates, he was forced by his persecutors to move from Palmyra to Harmony. Less than two years later he found it advisable to leave Harmony and take up his residence with the Whitmers at Fayette. Shortly after the organization of the Church was effected, he was arrested and tried at Colesville. Soon thereafter he moved from Fayette to Kirtland, then to the Johnson home at Hiram. At the latter place he was dragged from the house by ruffians, beaten into unconsciousness, and covered with tar and feathers. Shortly thereafter the saints were expelled from Jackson county. The next year, under great physical hardship, he led Zion's Camp from Kirtland to Missouri. Later he was forced to leave Kirtland and take up his abode among the stricken saints in Missouri. Within the same year he was arrested and placed in Liberty jail. Here, under most trying conditions, he was incarcerated for nearly six months. Meantime he received word that the saints, including his own wife and children, had been forced to leave Missouri under the exterminating order of Governor Boggs. The next spring he obtained his liberty and fled to Illinois. Persecution soon followed, and shortly thereafter he was forced

into hiding. He was exonerated by the courts, but repeatedly rearrested. Then came the tragedy at Carthage. Truly a life of hardship, persecution, sacrifice—martyrdom.

4. *Consideration for Others.* Even in his youth, the Prophet uttered no despairing word. His sole purpose was the accomplishment of the work which Deity had committed to his care. He was supremely happy in the performance of his duty. Whenever he was forced to leave one place and flee to another, he did it with grace and seeming willingness of purpose. At the time of his excruciating physical agony at the Johnson home in Hiram, he thought only of the welfare of his stricken child, his wife, and others. He was forced to leave Kirtland under threats of violence, but he gave no sign of disappointment or selfish regret. The long days and cruel nights at Liberty jail witnessed no sign of remorse or complaint. From his hiding places at Nauvoo came only messages of encouragement to those who had their liberty and were free to do as they chose. Whenever the saints suffered, the Prophet suffered. He loved them more than he loved his life. Thus when the fateful day came, he went knowingly to Carthage, that the cause of truth might go on.

5. *Evidence Supreme.* The early part of June, 1844, brought a series of most trying events to the Latter-day Saints. On the 7th of the month the "Nauvoo Expositor" made its appearance with a scurrilous attack upon the leading citizens of Nauvoo and the Prophet in particular. At a meeting of the city council held on the 10th of June, the "Expositor" was declared a public nuisance and the marshal was ordered to abate it. Accordingly, the press was thrown into the street and all printed papers were destroyed.

6. This action was seized upon by the enemies of the church and used to inflame the mobs to further violence. The Prophet was arrested, but promptly acquitted by the courts in Nauvoo. His enemies, however, demanded that he appear for trial in Carthage. This he refused to do, knowing that his case would be decided by those who were altogether unfriendly. Moreover, he had already been tried and acquitted by the courts that had normal jurisdiction of his case. At this point, however, Governor Ford joined with the Prophet's enemies in demanding that he appear at Carthage. In fact, he wrote the Prophet to this effect, and promised him full military protection when he appeared. The Prophet, however, was doubtful of the Governor's sincerity, knowing from previous experience of his unfriendliness and duplicity.

7. In the early evening of June 22, 1844, the Prophet called a number of brethren into his room for council, consisting of the following: Hyrum Smith, Willard Richards, John Taylor, William W. Phelps, A. C. Hodge, John L. Butler, Alpheus Cutler, William Marks, and some others. He read the Governor's letter, and then remarked, "There is no mercy — no mercy here." After various opinions had been expressed, the Prophet's countenance lightened and he said: *"The way is open. It is clear to my mind what to do.* All they want is Hyrum and myself; then tell everybody to go about their business, and not to collect in groups, but to scatter about. There is no doubt they will come here and search for us. Let them search; they will not harm you in person or property, and not even a hair of your head. *We will cross*

the river tonight, and go away to the West." (*History of the Church,* Vol. VI, pp. 545, 546)

The Prophet's last recorded statement in his history reads as follows: "I told Stephen Markham that if I and Hyrum were ever taken again we should be massacred, or I was not a prophet of God. I want Hyrum to live to avenge my blood, but he is determined not to leave me."

Acting upon this decision, about midnight, Joseph, Hyrum, and Willard Richards called at the lodging of Orrin P. Rockwell. All went up the river bank to a point where a boat was in waiting. They started across the river about two o'clock in the morning; Orrin P. Rockwell rowed, while the others were kept busy bailing water from the badly leaking boat. They reached the Iowa side about daybreak, and shortly thereafter went to the home of Brother William Jordan. In the meantime Rockwell had started back to Nauvoo with instructions to return secretly the next night with horses to be used by the Prophet and Hyrum on their proposed trip to the Rocky Mountains.

Shortly after noontime of the same day, Rockwell and others returned with written communications and verbal requests from some of the saints urging the Prophet to return and surrender himself for trial. When the case was pressed by Reynolds Cahoon and others, the Prophet replied: "If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself." After a brief consultation with Hyrum and Rockwell, the Prophet, against his own judgment, decided to return.

While the party was walking toward the river, the Prophet and Rockwell fell behind. Someone shouted for them to come on, to which the Prophet replied, *"It is of no use to hurry, for we are going back to be slaughtered."* The party reached Nauvoo at half past five in the afternoon, and the Prophet went directly to his family at the Mansion where he remained secluded for the night.

8. At six-thirty the next morning, resolute and resigned to his fate, the Prophet accompanied by a number of his brethren started for Carthage. When the party reached the temple, the Prophet paused, looked with admiration upon it, then upon the city, and said, "This is the loveliest place and the best people under the heavens; little do they know the trials that await them."

9. At ten o'clock in the morning the party reached the farm of Albert G. Fellows, four miles west of Carthage, where they were met by Captain Dunn with a company of about sixty mounted militia. The Prophet quieted the fears of his brethren by saying, "Do not be alarmed, brethren, for they cannot do more to you than the enemies of truth did to the ancient saints—they can only kill the body." The company halted; whereupon Joseph, Hyrum, and several others went into the Fellows home with Captain Dunn. The Captain then presented an order from Governor Ford for all the state arms in possession of the Nauvoo Legion which the Prophet promptly countersigned.

10. The Prophet then dispatched Henry G. Sherwood back to Nauvoo to gather the arms and make them ready for delivery. To those about him, the Prophet then said, *"I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life, I shall die an innocent man, and my blood shall cry from the ground for ven-*

geance, and it shall be said of me HE WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD!" (*History of the Church,* Vol. VI, p. 555)

11. Doubtless fearing that the disarmament order of Governor Ford might be met with resistance at Nauvoo, Captain Dunn requested the Prophet to return with him. He gave his pledge as a military man to protect the Prophet and his friends even, if necessary, at the expense of his own life. To this Joseph consented. The party reached Nauvoo about two-thirty in the afternoon, and by six in the evening the arms had been collected and the company was ready to start for Carthage.

12. Before the return trip was begun, the Prophet rode down to his home twice to bid his family farewell, knowing of course that he would never see them again. His demeanor was serene and thoughtful. He expressed the conviction to several of his friends that he expected to be murdered. But he saw no alternative; he must give himself up or his people would be massacred by a lawless mob under the sanction of the Governor.

13. At the brow of the hill he again looked longingly back upon the temple and Nauvoo. When the party passed his farm, he turned around and gazed upon it again and again. In reply to a remark made by someone he said, "If some of you had such a farm and knew you would not see it any more, you would want to take a good look at it for the last time." Thus, with a full knowledge that his life was about to be taken, he calmly and resolutely went forward to his fate, loving God and fearing no man. *A martyr to the cause of truth.*

14. The tragedy at Carthage, brought on by the duplicity of Governor Ford, is too well known to need attention.

15. *Grief-stricken but not Disheartened.* Of secondary importance only to the Prophet's testimony is the attitude of the saints following the martyrdom. When the news of the tragedy reached Nauvoo, the saints were temporarily grief-stricken and depressed. They stood with bared heads and aching hearts by the thousands, as the bodies of the Prophet and Patriarch were returned to them. The sound of the hammer and the saw was no longer heard from the temple. Industry ceased; work on the farms was discontinued. The people were dispirited and full of sorrow. But as soon as the immediate shock of the tragedy had passed, they quickly returned to their tasks, even more determined than before to keep the commandments of God.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Joseph Smith was a kindly and inoffensive man. He was always considerate of the rights of others. How, then, do you account for the fact that he was so widely persecuted?

2. What part if any did "lukewarm" saints take in persecuting the Prophet? Be specific. May we, through our indiscretions, bring criticism upon our present leaders? How?

3. Give illustrations from the Prophet's life to show his love and consideration of others. Be specific.

4. Under conditions similar to those faced by the Prophet, what would you do if some of your own people accused you of deserting them? Be absolutely frank in your answer.

5. Give proof that when the

Prophet returned to Carthage he knew that he would be killed. Repeat by heart his statement made at the home of Albert G. Fellows.

6. Repeat the Prophet's last recorded statement in his history. Where was it given and to whom? Give details.

7. What significance is attached to the fact that the Prophet returned twice to bid his family farewell?

8. If a man is willing to die for his belief, he must be regarded as sincere. Why?

9. In what respect is the attitude of the saints following the martyrdom a testimony of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet?

Work and Business

TO make your Christmas table more festive and gay decorate it with small glittering Christmas trees. Wreaths and colorful cellophane stockings will add much to the attractiveness of the home. On page 127 of *Handicraft for Every Woman* you will find instructions in detail for making these articles. Children love to help prepare decorations for the Christmas tree. Page 157 of the same book will tell you how to have them make lovely ornaments out of articles found in every household.

If your funds for gifts are limited how about a hand decorated cake cover, or a set of canisters. On page 150 you will see how these can be made at very little expense and time. Look through the book and you will find many fine suggestions for inexpensive gifts.

Consumer's Problems

INTEREST in standards for textiles and clothing is steadily growing. To convince manufacturers of the need and desire for such standards is the responsibility of the consumer. "To be in style" may be the public's first requisite in buying textiles, but besides style, the homemaker wants to know how to get it in an article which will not cost too much, will not require too much care, will be suited for its purpose, and will look well for a reasonable period of time. New styles are attained through changes in weave, finish, color, etc., but fancy weaves are apt to contribute beauty rather than strength. The latter depends on the length of the fibre used, the longer the fibre the stronger the fabric. If buyers remember that cotton, flax, rayon, etc., are of vegetable origin and that wool, silk, camels' hair come from the animal, choosing articles made from these will be easier. Woolen fabrics are too frequently woven with cotton and a poor quality of reworked wool. There are two kinds of wool fibres, woolen and worsted. The woolen are soft, elastic, and loosely twisted, the worsted material is harsh, shiny, and the yarns are tightly woven. Various articles are made of wool; the most common are clothing, rugs and blankets. The wool content cannot be judged by the shopper.

In the case of blankets the rules for labeling formulated by producers are not always followed. No finished blanket containing less than 5% should use the word "wool" in any form. Only those made of 98% wool may be sold as "all wool." If sold as "wool" blankets they must contain 25%-98% wool and label should so state. Squeeze a portion of the blanket tightly in the hand, if made of live new wool it will be soft and springy. Deep long-fibred nap is strong enough to support

whole blanket, test by holding with one thread. Pull the blanket in opposite directions at same time, push finger against stretched surface; it should be strong, firm and resist pressure. Other qualities are warmth, resistance to wear, washing durability and size.

Questions for Discussion

1. State consumer's responsibility for standards in buying, and for textile and clothing legislation.
2. Give simple home tests that may be used to judge kinds and quality of fabrics.
3. Discuss characteristics of wool and tell difference between "shoddy" and "virgin" wool.
4. State some of the things to look for in buying blankets and compare ones on market today with those of our grandmothers'.
5. Define terms fully-shrunk, preshrunk, fast color, washable, 100% wool.
6. What size blankets are most economical to buy?

References

Same as in previous lessons.

Articles on textile buying in Relief Society Magazines.

Better Buymanship Series, Household Finance Corp., Research dept., 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Teachers' Topic

PROVERBS 3:9-10

(For May, 1936)

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

"So shall thy barns be filled with plenty."—Proverbs 3:9-10.

THE Scriptures are replete with the doctrine of tithing, and it is only natural that it should be emphasized in Proverbs—Solomon's chief contribution to the literature of the world.

Tithing is older than Israel. It was practiced by Abraham, who paid tithes to Melchizedek. The payment of tithes was a prominent feature of the Mosaic law. Jacob's first contract after leaving his father's house was with God, with whom he covenanted at Bethel, saying, "And of all that Thou shalt give I will surely give a tenth unto Thee." Christ recognized and proved the law of tithing. (Matthew 23:23) This law was also known to the Nephites. The law of tithing has been re-established in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 119)

Tithing is thus the law of God to man, and should be so regarded. To observe the law is to be obedient to our Heavenly Father, which always brings joy and satisfaction. The law contains promises of rewards and punishments. To those who make sacrifices in a righteous cause there are always personal blessings. To those who carefully plan their budgets and incomes there is naturally a development which is helpful financially, but the greatest blessing from the law of tithing is no doubt the satisfaction which comes from obedience to a law of the Lord.

The following quotation from

President Heber J. Grant sums up the blessings which come to those who observe this law:

"The law of financial prosperity to the Latter-day Saints, under covenant with God, is to be an honest tithe-payer, and not to rob the Lord in tithes and offerings. Prosperity comes to those who observe the law of tithing; and when I say prosperity I am not thinking of it in terms of dollars and cents alone, although as a rule the Latter-day Saints who are the best tithe-payers are the most prosperous men financially; but what I count as real prosperity, as the one thing of all others that is of great value to every man and woman living, is the growth in the knowledge of God, and in a testimony, and in the power to live the Gospel and to inspire our families to do the same. That is prosperity of the truest kind. I would rather die in poverty knowing that my family could testify that, to the best of the ability with which God has endowed me, I observed His laws and kept His commandments, and by my example, had proclaimed the Gospel, than to have all the wealth of the world."

The mothers and the women of the Church generally can wield a great and powerful influence in supporting the law of tithing. The wife can help to make it easier for the family to meet this law, or she can, by indifference, make it harder.

Topics and Questions for Discussion

1. Point out the blessings that follow honest tithe paying.
2. For what is tithing used?
3. How can the mother instil the law of tithing into her children?

Literature

(For Third Week in May)

ADVENTURES IN READING

A Woman's Adventure

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."—Proverbs.

MAN has always been a singer of songs, songs of his daring and conquests, songs of his loves and his joys, songs of the earth and its beauties, songs of life and its mysteries. His songs are strong and courageous and noble.

Woman, too, is a singer. The beauty, the harmony, the glory of things have been the burden of her songs. With simplicity and delicacy she has expressed her aspirations, her emotions, and her desires; with tenderness, her mother-love; and with sincerity, her prayers.

A Woman's Adventure

Out of the glory that was Greece came Sappho, the first woman poetess, singing of love and the beauties of the earth. No woman's voice rose aloft to find recording out of Hebrew life with its intensity and divinity. During the Middle Ages in many lands woman helped to sing the ballads of her people. Anne Bradstreet, the Puritan Poetess, lifted her voice in prophecy of woman's place in the world. The society of the eighteenth century made the drawing-room a woman's kingdom. Barred from formal education she was cloistered in the home. Governesses and tutors and later boarding schools provided a means of

education. Culture or gentility implied the ability to speak French, a little musical ability, and some skill in needlework. Individuality had little chance for growth.

Early in the nineteenth century the art of fiction was growing rapidly. The gothic romances of the past century were being replaced by Sir Walter Scott's tales of adventure. Thackeray was writing satirical novels about the inconsistencies of society, while Dickens was writing humanitarian novels of its cruelties. Into this masculine world of fiction came the Bronte sisters, and Jane Austin with a charm and dignity that pointed the way for a bounteous and worthy literary expression by their followers. Today novels, essays, and poems by women rank in excellence with the best expression of the age.

Jane Austin, Novelist

A quiet uneventful life in the rectory drawing-room of her father at Steventon and Bath was Jane Austin's. The youngest of seven children, she received her education at home, she learned French and some Italian, sang a little, and became an expert needlewoman. Her reading extended little beyond that of Richardson, Cowper, and Dr. Johnson. Apart from a few visits to London her life was most uneventful. Yet Jane Austin wrote half-a-dozen novels deemed by some to be as perfect as any in the language. The novels were written in the family sitting-room and were read aloud to the family circle. Describing the life she knew best, her portrayals are marked by delicate delineation, lively dialogue, and quiet humor. Jane herself speaks of "the little bit of Ivory" on which she worked. Her stories are marked with the exquisiteness of a fine miniature.

The tribute paid by Sir Walter Scott to Jane Austin is well known:

". . . Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austin's very finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me."

A simple story pays tribute as it offers an explanation of Jane Austin: An old verger of Winchester cathedral stopped a pilgrim to her grave and asked, "What was there particular, Sir, about Miss Austin, that so many people should visit her grave?" The answer given was, "She wrote honestly."

The reader, however, must capture the charm of Jane Austin. It is to be obtained by a leisurely approach to the quiet culminations and her subtle wisdom. George Eliot, Macauley, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Longfellow, Sainte-Beuve, her contemporaries, paid tribute to the artistry and wisdom of Jane Austin.

Pride and Prejudice

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." To the Victorian household of Mr. Bennett, father of five grown-up daughters, whose proper disposition in marriage was the chief concern of their mother, the advent in the community of a single man of fortune was of great importance. Jane, the eldest daughter, was a sweet-tempered, lovable girl. Elizabeth, the next in age, was attractive and lively, while Mary was plain and loved books. The two youngest girls were empty-headed and frivolous.

The newcomer to Netherfield

Park, Mr. Bingly, was the man of fortune. Visits were exchanged and friendship established between the two households. The two sisters of Mr. Bingly and their friend, Mr. Darcy, made life at Netherfield Park a round of pleasure. The interest of Bingly for Jane and Darcy for Elizabeth was soon very evident. At first Elizabeth experienced a strong aversion to Mr. Darcy. During a short visit to Mr. Bingly, Jane was taken seriously ill. As she could not be removed from the Hall, Elizabeth was sent for to take care of her sister. The interest of Darcy in Elizabeth provoked the jealousy of Miss Bingly, whose interest in that young man was very evident.

Into the lives of the Bennetts came the Rev. Mr. Collins, whose patroness was Lady Catherine de Burgh. Upon receiving a living, he had come to Mr. Bennett, his cousin, proposing to marry one of his daughters. Upon Jane's refusal to accept this offer, Elizabeth was approached. "Make her marry him," was Mrs. Bennett's plea to Mr. Bennett's chagrin, an interesting example of parental concern and showing the fashion of the time. Another newcomer to the social life of the community was young Wickham, an unprincipled army officer, who because of his affability, became a great favorite.

When the Bingly household left for London, life became very dull for Jane and Elizabeth. Later when Jane went to London she was keenly hurt by Miss Bingly's frigid manner. Elizabeth went on a visit to the Rev. Collins and his bride in Kent, and to her surprise found Lady Catherine to be the maternal aunt of Mr. Darcy. When that young man arrived on a visit to his aunt, the pleasant friendship of Netherfield Park days was renewed. Jane, however, could not accept freely the friendship of Darcy because she felt his responsibility in the separation of Mr. Bingly and Jane.

To the disgrace of the Bennett family, Lydia, the youngest daughter, eloped with Captain Wickham. At first Lady Catherine was highly incensed. Affairs generally untangled themselves later, to Mrs. Bennett's delight. Mr. Bingly and Jane settled at Netherfield, first and later moved to Derby-shire. Darcy and Elizabeth were soon able to appease Lady Catherine and gain her goodwill. Mr. Bennett missed his two daughters exceedingly but Jane and Elizabeth received his visits frequently. Life went on pleasantly for all.

Jane Austin today is adored by many, while others are piqued because they have not understood her charm.

The Bronte Sisters—The Three Virgins of Haworth

This story of the three gifted women, "The Three Virgins of Haworth," is of immortal interest. It is a drama as stark as the lonely Yorkshire moors of their home.

The Reverend Bronte came to the parish of Haworth with a delicate wife and six children. The parsonage, now a shrine, overlooked the bare cemetery surrounding the little church. Every horizon the children gazed upon was grey and forbidding. The philosophic father spent his time in his room in majestic solitude, while his children huddled together alone. Upon the death of the mother, eight-year-old Maria carried the burden of the family. Elizabeth, a year younger, helped to take care of the younger children, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. The only son of the family, Bramwell, was already a fiery lad at four years.

The lonely clergyman made several attempts to remarry, but in vain, so his aged spinster sister-in-law consented to become his housekeeper. Miss Bramwell began to convert the young savages by having them memorize Bible texts, do housework and endless polishing and cooking lessons. Bramwell alone escaped the severe discipline. There were no dolls or jackstones for brightness for the sisters. To do his duty by his children when they were old enough, the minister sent the girls to a cheap boarding school. The experiment at Cowan's Bridge School cost the lives of Maria and Elizabeth, by neglect and malnutrition. Next Charlotte and Emily were sent to another such school and later Anne also, this time without tragedy. Already the genius of Bramwell was demanding expression as an artist.

Upon their return the girls spent many of their hours reading and writing. Later Charlotte obtained a position as a governess, but her interest was not in teaching. After several unsuccessful attempts, a new outlet was found, Aunt Bramwell advanced the money for Charlotte to go to Brussels to attend the seminary school of Madame Heger. Strange experiences awaited Charlotte and Emily Bronte abroad. Emily refused to return a second year. Charlotte returned to a life of persecution from Madame Heger who suspected that her husband's favorite pupil detracted from her own glory.

Charlotte Bronte's return to Haworth was the occasion of much sorrow. Bramwell was openly a profligate by now, the village inn his headquarters. The aged clergyman was nearing blindness. The three sisters together again, began to confide to each other their literary hopes. They sampled their wares, chose the best, and presented them to be published, under the title "Poems" by Currier, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Then they waited, but in vain. Instead of succumbing to discouragement, they tried again. Three novels were finished and copied. "The Professor," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey." The novels of Emily and Anne were accepted. Charlotte rejoicing in the success of her sisters. The same night she began "Jane Eyre," a story which carried much of her own experiences, her childhood, her loneliness at Cowan's Bridge, her suffering as a governess, and the tragedy of Brussels. In a few days, the first edition of the novel was exhausted and "Mr. Curren Bell" was famous. The Reverend Bronte knew not that the fame given to Mr. Bell belonged to his daughter. Bramwell Bronte's death now came as a relief to his family after his life of mistakes. Again came separation, Emily also was to leave her sisters. After her death a collection of poems was discovered. Swinburne and Maeterlinck in turn accepted them as the work of a genius. Charlotte now began to write "Shirley" while Anne completed "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." Exhausted by their efforts, the two sisters went to the seashore for a rest, Anne was particularly tired. Without warning, Anne joined her mother and sisters. Alone at Haworth rectory after these trying episodes, Charlotte began to write once more, and "Villete" was the result.

Charlotte was now thirty-eight. A new life began when she accepted the offer of her father's curate, Arthur Nicholls, and married. But Charlotte was very tired and just a few months of happiness were permitted her. The crypt of the little church of Haworth received her

body and the tiny morsel of life that perished with her, March 31, 1855.

Today there are still pilgrimages to Haworth for the reputation of the Virgins of Haworth has brightened, not dimmed with the years.

A New Testament

After nearly one hundred years another woman writes, Vera Brittan "A Testament of Youth." She is another woman adventurer as a singer of songs, a recorder of life. In an amazing autobiographical work, rich in color and swift in movement, we have the intimate record of an English girl's life as she emerged from school at the breaking of the World War. It was to a society not much changed from that of the Victorian Era that she came. To a round of drawing-room functions Vera Brittan came to be satiated quickly. Finding her own way to Oxford University was the escape. Then came the World War with nursing service in France and Malta crowded with experiences disillusioning as well as romantic. Her return to her native land after the War was to a new order of things. Marriage, authorship, and recognition followed quickly. Few women have had so much richness of living, and rare indeed is the experience accompanied by the superb ability to record it in prose and in verse.

Women Singers of Today

In a world marked by the conquests of science, industry, and wealth there is much of which to sing. New singers and new patterns are recording the newness of the world. Never before has there been such a galaxy of women singers; Sara Teasdale, Margaret Wilkinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Margaret Widdemar, Katharine Lee Bates, Josephine Peabody, Aline Kilmer, Anna Hempstead Branch and others.

Never have the themes been so varied; Shoes That Danced, Afternoons in April, Crack o' Dawn, Clouds and Cobblestones, Factories, Vigils.

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggested topics for lesson assignments.
   1. Woman's Contribution to Literature.
   2. The Victorian Age.
   3. Jane Austin, Novelist.
   4. "Jane Eyre" and Charlotte Bronte.
   5. Selections from the poems of Emily Bronte.

B. Suggestions for lesson enrichment.
   1. Selections from the poems of women writers of today.
   2. Review of "The Testament of Youth."

Guide to Reading

1. "The Piper," Josephine Peabody.
   A beautiful drama using the legend of the Pied piper of Hamlin. For the family circle.
2. "Margaret Ogilvy." The life-story of the beloved author of "Peter Pan," Sir James Barrie.
3. "The Life of Charlotte Bronte," Mrs. E. C. Gaskell.
   This biography by a friend of the Bronte sisters has long been recognized as a great work.
4. "Her Son's Wife," Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
   A very human account of a woman's experience in trying to understand her son's wife, by a noted American novelist.
5. "Poems for a Little Girl," Hilda Conklin.
   A delightful series of poems for little girls and their mothers to read together.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

LESSON VII

Civic Obligations for Child Welfare

Text: Civic Sociology, Edward A. Ross, Chapter 8

THE full significance of this lesson can be better understood if one bears in mind the important message of the previous lesson. The obligations were pointed out of parents to maintain a home wherein wholesome, youthful activities are taught, where true spiritual and religious ideals of life are fostered, and where a sense of true civic responsibility is instilled into young people. If homes remained unbroken, and if these duties of parenthood were properly executed, an ideal citizenry would be a goal reasonably within reach. But, as is well known, human understandings are very limited and parents fall far short of the ideal goals. Since a large percentage of the Nation's children are denied favorable surroundings and desirable training within the home, it is the duty of the Nation to care for and provide such opportunities for children through special agencies as far as possible. Therefore, the purposes of the present lesson are to point out the larger national aspects of the problem, or to see the meaning of child welfare from a national point of view. This is to be accomplished by developing the following basic concepts, namely:

1. To understand that promoting the welfare of the Nation's children is one of the social responsibilities of citizenship.

2. To participate in activities which foster child welfare.

A generation ago, an educational leader of his time, Horace Mann, wrote: "If any given percentage of all children can be rescued from vice and crime, and can be so educated and trained as to become valuable citizens, but the State refuses or declines to do this work, then the State itself becomes a culprit."

It is an accepted proposition that the youth of a nation is its greatest asset without which the nation would soon cease to exist. It follows, then, that whatever reduces the value of that asset subtracts from the security of each individual in the country. To carry our responsibility even further, to permit children to grow up in poverty, vice, and disease, ignorance, and then blame the children for their unsocial behavior, is merely to point out our own social shortcomings.

A view of the juvenile delinquency in the country will help us to see the greatness of the task ahead. Although reliable statistics showing the extent of juvenile delinquency throughout the country are not avail-

able, approximate estimates furnish a good index to our social difficulties. "If juvenile delinquency is the same for the country as a whole as it is for the area reporting, then approximately 200,000 delinquents were dealt with in 1928." (Crime Prevention Through Education, N. E. A. Bulletin, Sept., 1932.) These delinquencies include such offenses as theft, school truancy, auto theft, malicious mischief, liquor violation, traffic violation, sex offenses, hold-up, assault and battery, etc.

Each case, if not properly adjusted to social conditions, is apt to lead to adult criminality, and criminality has reached in all countries, such proportions as to be a problem of major importance. Childish waywardness, youthful shortcomings, thwarted ambitions and lack of satisfying wholesome activities, if allowed to continue unchecked, lead to unsocial acts in mature life. Wholesome adult life is an outgrowth of sane youthful foundations.

A study of delinquency shows that it is largely the result of undesirable home conditions. Since broken homes and poor homes exist to such a great extent, it is the duty of the State to provide for, on scientific lines, the lack of desirable home conditions. Wholesome life should be available to all children. It is the duty of the more fortunate citizens to provide for the less fortunate.

A comparison of the cost of criminality and education reveals the need of greater effort towards the prevention of crime, and the advantage to be gained through greater juvenile care.

"It is interesting to note that it costs on the average, about $400.00 a year to maintain a delinquent in a public institution (such as an Industrial School where an attempt is made to rehabilitate the individual), $300.00 for an adult prisoner, and somewhat less than $100.00 spent annually on each public school pupil. In a sense, then, if the $100.00 spent annually on each public school pupil does not produce a good citizen, the State must pay later three to four times that amount for penal or correctional treatment. For every $2.00 spent on elementary and secondary school pupils, we spend $1.50 to control the criminal." The per capita outlay of society on its criminals far exceeds the per capita expenditure for the education of its children. (Research Bulletin of the N. E. A., Sept., 1932, p. 152.)

Taking into consideration the total cost of criminality with its damage, we pay more for criminal care and protection than for education. As tax payers, buying our own social salvation, we cannot afford to pay more for crime and the criminal than for the education and social well being of children in order to prevent crime. Schools and institutions are only as good as the citizens demand.

If, then, we are content to stand by and criticise existing conditions throughout the world, and complain of the unsocial conduct of many people, and of the high cost of our own social protections, without doing something constructive to alleviate these conditions, we are ourselves guilty of social delinquency.

The feeling on the part of the parents is all to prevalent that if the home is maintained wherein ideals of righteousness are taught for the good of one's immediate family, social and religious obligations are complete. But the idea must be enlarged to include the well being of the community and the nation. Everyone should bear in mind the welfare of the orphan, those who seek sensual amusement and gam-

bling halls, the back alley gang, and those who derive unwholesome satisfaction from distorted appetites. They are all of immediate individual concern. Special attention should be given to the way, pointed out in the text, pages 105 to 109, in which boys and girls are exploited by unscrupulous merchants seeking profit. The city street or the village corner have bred evil faster than home or school could build righteousness. The life of the community as a whole is reflected in its juvenile life; the community must accept the responsibility for the organization of agencies to further its own upbuilding.

If then the welfare of the community's children is the responsibility of each adult, into what avenues should these responsibilities be directed? First, they should strengthen those agencies now working for child welfare, and second, they should establish where necessary, new social agencies. In the first classification attention may be called to all the auxiliary organizations of the L. D. S. Church. As a rule, it is not the boy or girl who is a regular atendant of Primary, Scout meetings, Sunday School, or Mutual Improvement meetings that becomes a delinquent, but the one who loses interest in such gatherings. If officers of such organizations could count on the active support of all church members, ward houses would most probably be filled regularly to overflowing. Many a scout organization languishes in semi-existence because of needed support from adults who are both financially and intellectually capable of giving that support. Indifference is the cause of many of our difficulties.

Secondly, our social responsibility requires that we build where necessary, additional social agencies for the common good. This would include such activities as providing more and better playgrounds, providing wholesome amusement, enforcing juvenile labor laws, elimination of undesirable working and housing conditions, promoting hobbies, and improving educational opportunities. Each community could multiply the list in its own interest.

The full social responsibility of an individual is never complete until consistent effort has been put forth to realize the standard set up by the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection; namely, "For every child a community which recognizes and plans for his needs, protects him against physical dangers, moral hazards, and diseases; provides him with safe and wholesome places for play and recreation, and makes provision for his cultural and social needs."

Activities

Make a list of the agencies in your community working for the welfare of the community's children. Which of the agencies listed are handicapped because of lack of sufficient public interest and lack of financial help to execute welfare programs, and how many of the organizations mentioned are being encouraged and helped by some members of the Relief Society Class?

What is actually being done to keep the children of the community from becoming delinquent? In order to achieve the ideals for child welfare set forth by the White House Conference, what still remains to be accomplished?

On a map of your community mark the location of welfare agencies for children, such as libraries, playgrounds, athletic grounds, etc. Does it show any area that is inadequately served? Is there any relationship between such areas and sections of most frequent delinquency?

Health Lessons 1935-1936

LESSON VIII

Sterilization of Home Utensils

IT is within the life of many people now living that the discoveries which established the relationship between bacteria and most of the human ailments have been made. Bacteria are the world's greatest enemies of mankind, killing millions each year and disabling very many more. They are minute animals or plants which are so small that the most powerful microscopes are necessary to see them. They abound in the soil, in water, in the air, and especially in decaying animal or vegetable matter. Wherever organic matter is exposed to heat and moisture millions of bacteria will grow and flourish. They are not all harmful. The great bulk of them serve a useful purpose in the world, helping to reduce dead animals and plants to the dust from whence they came. If it were not for bacteria, the world would soon be so full of dead animals and plants that life would not be endurable.

A certain small proportion of bacteria are harmful to the human body, and produce disease when they gain entrance to our body. These may be conveyed from person to person by means of common drinking utensils, bath tubs, or any other utensil used by more than one person.

These bacteria can be killed in a number of different ways. Heat at or near the boiling point of water is an effectual germicide, killing most all forms of bacterial life if they are exposed to it for five or ten minutes. Anything then that can be boiled without damaging it can be made sterile by the simple expedient of boiling from five to ten minutes. There are also other ways of sterilizing things which will be related later.

If remnants of baby's feeding are allowed to remain in the nursing bottle, they are soon swarming with bacteria, and will cause a stomach and bowel upset for the child if the next feeding is put in the bottle without sterilization. In the days of our grandparents and even of our older parents hundreds of babies were infected by allowing the feeding bottle to retain remnants of the previous feeding, and after abundant bacteria have grown in it, to add the milk mixture of the next feeding to it and feed it to the baby.

After each feeding, the nursing bottle should be thoroughly cleansed, then it should be placed in cold water and gradually brought to a boil, at which temperature it should be allowed to remain five minutes. It should then be placed in a cold place until the next feeding. If there is a refrigerator in the house it will be a splendid place to keep baby's milk in, and the empty bottle after it has been cleansed and sterilized in boiling water. To simply dip a bottle or spoon or other utensil in boiling water is not enough to sterilize it. At least five minutes at the boiling temperature will be necessary.

The one who handles feeding bottles, rubber nipples, spoons, etc., used in feeding the baby should of course have the hands thoroughly cleansed with soap and water before touching them. Things properly sterilized could easily be contaminated again by dirty hands.

The first great rule for the preventing of germ disease, is to keep germs from spreading from the sick

person. Few people develop infectious diseases, unless directly or indirectly they get the infection from somebody else with that same ailment.

If there is one in the family with any infectious disease, such as diphtheria, scarletina, etc., of course he should be isolated from the family. All the glasses, dishes, knives and forks and spoons used by the sick person should be disinfected by boiling at least five minutes before they are used by other people. It is well to keep the same utensils in the sick room, and not interchange them with others used by the family.

The infected person is giving off the germs in all excretions, and these should be disinfected by mixing with them some antiseptic like lysol, or carbolic acid, or sulphate of copper, and allowing the mixture to stand for a few minutes before emptying in the toilet. If the patient should use the family bath tub, it should be washed out afterward with a solution of lysol or carbolic acid. Bed pans and such utensils cannot easily be boiled in the household, but they should be cleansed after each use with some chemical antiseptic such as lysol. Clothing of the sick person and sheets and pillow cases from the bed should be disinfected by boiling. Carpets and mattresses and things that cannot be boiled can be sterilized by exposing them for considerable time to the bright sunlight.

When the sick person has convalesced enough to mingle with the family again, all the bedding which can be properly boiled should be so treated, but the mattresses, blankets, etc., should be put out in the sunshine. The floors, woodwork, etc., should be thoroughly scrubbed, preferably with lysol in the water, and the walls should be brushed down with a broom moistened in the lysol solution. The Board of Health may fumigate, but whether or not they do, the room should be thrown wide open, and the window-shades raised to admit the sunlight, and it should so remain for two or three days before being occupied by other members of the family.

The attendant should not only wash the hands frequently with soap and water, but should keep an antiseptic solution of lysol or carbolic acid or other germicide always available in the room and the hands should be immersed in this after doing anything for the patient.

In the household routine at any time fruit bottles and other receptacles for food should be sterilized by boiling before use. The metal tops of fruit bottles should especially be taken out of boiling water, and kept clean until they are applied by clean hands. The fruit itself should be gradually brought to the boil before the top is applied.

A thorough conception of the role of bacteria in the spread of disease, and intelligent application of the methods of sterilization would prevent much disease and suffering and expense.

Questions

What are bacteria?

Where do they abound?

What do you mean by sterilization?

What is the simplest and easiest and least expensive method of sterilization?

What drugs are good antiseptics?

What would you do with the room after the patient is convalescent?

Why should we handle sterile things only with clean sterile hands?

How would you proceed to sterilize fruit bottles and other food receptacles?

Magazine Drive

WE appreciate the enthusiastic and efficient work done in our Magazine Drive and thank all who have participated in it.

Our subscriptions this year have gone far beyond any previous record. We hope that the agents will now make it a point to keep the subscription list up from month to month, being careful to check when each woman's subscription expires and visit her to get a renewal at once if possible. We publish herewith the Stake percentages (the reports from many Stakes have not reached us) and the Wards that have gone over 100% in the Drive, also those that have reached from 75% to 100%.

We hope our subscribers will enjoy the Magazine and will feel that they are getting a good return for their money.

STAKE PERCENTAGES

STAKE	No. Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Alpine	366	204	56	Ivy Steele
Bannock	249	241	97	Hattie Hogan
Bear Lake	410	309	75	Annie S. Rich
Box Elder	932	862	92	Eliza Thompson
Cassia	160	127	79	Mae Smith
East Jordan	703	493	70	Leda Despain
Ensign	743	698	94	Rose H. Neeley
Franklin	577	507	88	Jeanette S. Barton
Garfield	444	204	46	Hattie M. Ipson
Granite	573	458	80	Myrtle B. Latimer
Grant	625	505	81	Martha Fagg
Highland	624	354	57	Lillian S. Blake
Liberty	1075	765	71	Lydia W. McKendrick
Logan	850	457	54	Ella C. Richards
Los Angeles	755	649	86	Laura Stephens
Malad	468	348	74	Margaret J. Richards
Maricopa	641	675	105	Laura McRae
Minidoka	325	209	64	Ella S. May
Morgan	241	142	59	Elizabeth Geary
Mt. Ogden	561	466	85	Allie Y. Pond
North Idaho Falls	447	354	79	Emily H. Smith
Oakland	340	343	101	Adrian Gee
Oquirrh	478	268	56	May S. Arnold
Pocatello	734	464	63	Florence Bowns
Portneuf	388	211	54	Wilhelmina Price
Rexburg	863	659	76	Mary E. Hunt
Salt Lake	903	487	54	Clara B. Wright
San Bernardino	186	123	66	Ethel Blomquist
San Francisco	...	...	94	Grace Tuggle
Sharon	318	138	43	Daisy Nelson
Shelley	454	223	49	Vera Elva Tew
Snowflake	516	305	59	Lulu J. Smith
South Davis	573	395	69	Fuchsia Stringham
Taylor	457	352	77	Ireta R. Matkin
Timpanogos	342	233	68	Helen S. Walker
Union	177	244	137	Josephine Hanks
Wasatch	577	390	68	Lacy Swain
Weber	565	369	65	Bertha Call
Woodruff	368	222	60	Clara Griggs

WARDS 100% AND OVER

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Acequia	Minidoka	34	34	100	Ella Harrison
Adams	Los Angeles	80	86	108	Carrie Ainge
Alameda	Oakland	29	31	107	Augusta Strong
Baker	Union	33	63	191	Nettie Shurtliff
Balboa	San Francisco	..	..	100	Frederikka Duffner
Baldwin Park	San Bernardino	31	33	106	Pearl Vincent
Bear River	Box Elder	74	99	134	Abby G. Jensen
Beaver Creek	No. Idaho Falls	38	38	100	Wanda Willes
Belle Fourche, S.D.	Western States Mission	8	8	100	Sadie Meredith
Belfrey	Big Horn	12	14	117	Eva J. Moore Mary Yates
Bench	Bannock	17	19	112	Elsie Hubbard
Box Elder 2nd	Box Elder	80	120	150	Sarah H. Horsley
Box Elder 5th	Box Elder	74	93	126	Christa Woodland
Burley 1st	Burley	52	54	104	Sylvia H. Barlow
Burlingame	San Francisco	..	..	107	Ruth Bentley
Cache	Teton	14	17	121	Grace E. Higley
Centerville 1st	So. Davis	52	55	106	Ella Williams
Central Park	Grant	60	69	115	Agnes Adamson
Chandler	Maricopa	43	43	100	Faye McGaughey
Cleveland	Bannock	24	25	104	Janice Andreasen
Compton	Los Angeles	37	38	103	Henney S. Thomas
Corinne	Box Elder	35	43	123	Annie Gilbert
Cowley	Big Horn	132	132	100	Sarah Simmons
Croydon	Morgan	16	16	100	Althea Branch
Davis	Uintah	35	35	100	Alice Garr
Diamond City	Lethbridge	12	15	125	Elsie R. Perry
Dimond	Oakland	63	65	103	Rilla Calvert
Draper 1st	East Jordan	44	49	111	Bertha Andrus
Eden	Ogden	34	40	118	Eva Hogge
8th	Liberty	45	53	118	Abbie Jorgensen
Elko, Nevada	California Mission	24	41	170	Blanche S. Jones
Elmhurst	Oakland	40	40	100	Cora Perkins
Emerson	Highland	132	133	101	Annabel Wallace
Ensign	Ensign	84	86	102	Elsie S. Bailey
Evans Branch	Box Elder	16	20	125	Gertrude Iverson
First	Boise	56	60	107	Addie B. Dawson
First	Liberty	90	113	126	Janet Kirton
First	Union	35	65	186	Emma Stringham
14th	Mt. Ogden	76	78	103	Eliza J. Watts
4th	Cache	142	142	100	Alvena Carlson
4th	Ogden	101	116	115	Mildred Loughran
Galesburg, Ill.	Northern States Mission	9	10	111	Sophie Grady
Gilbert	Maricopa	26	26	100	Betty Follett
Glendale	Maricopa	15	16	104	Julia S. Kremer
Glines	Uintah	30	31	103	Estella Gregory
Grace 1st	Bannock	50	50	100	Anna King
Grace 2nd	Bannock	32	34	106	Ruth Smart
Groveland	Blackfoot	52	57	110	Zina E. Barrus
Hagerman	Blaine	33	40	121	Emma Penfold
Harper	Box Elder	22	23	105	Zilla Harper
Hayward	Oakland	21	23	110	Ruth W. Raddon
Hazelton	Minidoka	28	28	100	Mae Boden
Heber	Snowflake	15	19	127	Elva Shelley
Heber 3rd	Wasatch	98	114	116	Annie K. Moulton
Holbrook	Curlew	21	24	115	Fern A. Willie
Honeyville	Box Elder	60	80	133	Paullie T. Boothe

WARDS 100% AND OVER (Continued)

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Imbler	Union	15	30	200	Mattie Westenscow
Jensen	Uintah	39	43	110	Rebecca Stewart
Lago	Bannock	22	24	109	Amanda Bassett
LaPoint	Uintah	36	67	186	Grace Lambert
Le Grande	Liberty	118	118	100	Christina V. Wilson
Lehi	Maricopa	34	35	103	Lillie C. Rollins
Liberty	Bear Lake	33	38	115	Sarah Hymas
Liberty	Liberty	74	77	104	Irene Brain
Logandale	Moapa	28	28	100	Lillian Adams
Lomita	Los Angeles	17	17	100	Minnie Haynes
Long Beach	Los Angeles	136	140	103	Effie Jenson
Lovell	Big Horn	81	95	116	LaPrele Lynn Daphne Despain
Malta	Raft River	40	67	168	Alice O. Neddo
Manchester	Los Angeles	40	40	100	Ada Neville
Mapleton	Franklin	19	22	116	Cora Knapp
Marion	Cassia	24	29	121	Hattie N. Tolman
Martinez	Oakland	19	25	132	Frieda Brey
Maywood	Los Angeles	29	34	117	M. H. Brampton
Mesa 1st	Maricopa	69	92	134	Sarah Shumway
Mesa 2nd	Maricopa	90	91	101	Hazel Larson
Mesa 3rd	Maricopa	57	61	107	Pearl Knight
Mesa 4th	Maricopa	68	69	101	Ella Stewart
Midvale 2nd	East Jordan	80	80	100	Florence Sjoblom
Milford	Beaver	50	53	106	Mary McColly
Miller	Grant	100	114	114	Maud Anderson
Milo	No. Idaho Falls	23	28	122	Lila Gildea
Milwaukee	Northern States Mission	29	52	179	Marie Meyer
Mission	San Francisco	..	..	108	Lena Klein
Mound Valley	Bannock	22	22	100	Ruth McGregor
Mt. Glenn	Union	13	13	100	Helen Zaugg
Naples	Uintah	56	56	100	Lucy Gardiner
Nibley Park	Granite	96	135	141	Nellie P. Elzinga
Oakland	Oakland	45	50	111	Mary Kay
Omaha, Neb.	Western States Mission	21	29	138	Irene Willey
Pacheco	Juarez	16	18	113	Margaret Cluff
Pella	Burley	37	38	103	Lourinda R. Duke
Perry	Box Elder	37	45	122	Selma Thorne
Spencer	Oquirrh	47	55	105	Rebecca Herzog
Phoenix 1st	Maricopa	85	87	102	Kate Campbell
Phoenix 2nd	Maricopa	100	101	101	Thressa Price
Pine	Maricopa	20	20	100	Ina Hunt
Pleasant Grove 2nd	Timpanogos	48	53	110	Helen S. Walker
Pleasant View	Ogden	40	54	135	Diana Johns
Pocatello 2nd	Pocatello	83	87	105	Laney Windsor Abbie K. Robinson
Portage	Malad	62	62	100	Rachael K. Gibbs
Preston 2nd	Franklin	59	83	141	Stella Paton
Preston 5th	Franklin	25	44	176	Azuba G. Alder
Provo 4th	Utah	97	149	154	Elsie S. Miller
Redlands	San Bernardino	9	9	100	Ellen Bowen
Rexburg 1st	Rexburg	94	96	102	Nellie Roylance
Rexburg 2nd	Rexburg	94	105	112	Mary E. Hunt
Rexburg 3rd	Rexburg	49	51	104	Emily Ricks
Richards	Granite	100	117	117	Jennie Hardy
Richmond	Oakland	25	30	120	Blanche Harmon
Richville	Morgan	17	17	100	Nona Dickson
Riverside	Blackfoot	34	37	109	Martha La Rocque

WARDS 100% AND OVER (Continued)

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Salem	Rexburg	56	58	104	B. Rindleshbacher
Samaria	Malad	52	52	100	Jennie Peterson
Sandy 2nd	East Jordan	58	70	120	Mable Fritz
San Jose	San Francisco	..	..	100	Anna Christen
2nd	Boise	95	95	100	Della P. Means
2nd	Union	43	44	102	Emily Rendel
17th	Mt. Ogden	83	128	154	Mattie Vogel
Sioux Falls, S.D.	North Central States Mission	7	7	100	Agnes Anderson
16th	Salt Lake	70	71	101	Lula Gillespie
6th	Ogden	62	115	185	Maud Faris
Sublett	Raft River	12	12	100	Sylvia Olsen
Sunset	San Francisco	..	..	100	Millie Johnson
Tempe	Maricopa	34	34	100	Lauvon Cone
Timpanogos	Sharon	43	46	107	Grace Hansen
Torrence	Los Angeles	21	21	100	Helen Jordan
12-13th	Ensign	96	98	102	Alma Erickson
20th	Ensign	99	104	105	Edna C. Langton
20th	Ogden	75	90	102	Mattie Manning
31st	Liberty	81	81	100	Dorothy Bushnell
21st	Ensign	90	95	106	Mary H. Jordon
27th	Ensign	88	91	103	Nora Sparks
Twin Groves	Yellowstone	37	39	106	Selina Richards
Uintah	Mt. Ogden	15	21	140	Mae Griz Bybee
Unity	Burley	40	47	118	Jane R. Robinson
University	Ensign	47	54	115	Emma F. Teudt
University	Northern States Mission	30	50	167	Anna Anderson
Vallejo	Oakland	18	18	100	Ida Fullen
Vernal 1st	Uintah	75	106	133	Lena Collier
Vernal 2nd	Uintah	75	75	100	Clara L. Bartlett
Washakee*	Malad	28	8	100	Margaret Parry
West Allis, Wis.	Northern States Mission	15	15	100	Mary Laack
West Bountiful	So. Davis	52	53	104	Etta B. Telford
Whitney	Franklin	48	55	115	Olive Weaver
Williams	Bannock	20	21	105	Martha Kingsford
Winnemucca, Nev.	Calif. Mission	22	16	138	Melba Parry

WARDS 75% AND UP TO 100%

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
American Fork 4th	Alpine	60	45	75	Annie Hansen
Antimony	Garfield	47	36	77	Mary K. Riddle
Ashley	Uintah	30	25	83	Huldah Westover
Banida	Oneida	21	19	90	Myra Miles
Belvedere	Los Angeles	64	51	80	Percilla Lundeen
Bountiful 1st	So. Davis	109	85	78	Elizabeth M. Wood
Bountiful 2nd	So. Davis	104	84	80	Annie C. Carr
Box Elder 3rd	Box Elder	100	87	87	Agnes Stander
Burton	Rexburg	42	34	80	Florence Siepert
Calgary	Lethbridge	37	31	81	Helen Faulkner
Cedarville	Franklin	10	9	90	May Neuenswander
Center	Wasatch	22	20	91	
Cherry Creek	Malad	24	19	79	Merle Moon
Chester	Yellowstone	38	32	83	Mattie Winters
	North Central				

*Although Washakie Ward, Malad Stake, has 25 enrolled, this is a Lamanite Ward, and there are only 8 who read English, all of whom subscribe for the magazint, so we feel they deserve a rating of 100%.

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
WARDS 75% AND UP TO 100% (Continued)					
Chinook, Mont.	States Mission	28	21	75	Della Lott
Chuichupa	Juarez	34	26	76	Cristin Davis
Coltman	No. Idaho Falls	50	38	76	Lola Hudman
Detroit	Northern States Mission	41	37	90	Ruth Dorth
Draper 2nd	East Jordan	62	53	85	Helga Ennis
Dublan	Juarez	41	38	92	Bernice Coon
18th	Ensign	132	103	78	Iverne Wallace
18th	Mt. Ogden	98	75	77	Netta Burton
El Paso	St. Joseph	53	40	75	Winifred R. Turley
Emigration	Liberty	90	68	76	Ida Von Nordeck
Evanston	Woodruff	166	157	95	Edith Davis
5th	Cache	143	136	95	Nora Knight
Fish Haven	Bear Lake	36	28	78	Winnie Smith
1st	Cassia	40	31	78	Netta Martindale
1st	Weber	77	61	79	Ida Baker
Flowell	Millard	24	18	75	Rozilpha Allen
4th	Cassia	28	23	82	Josephine Gorringe
11th	Weber	71	63	89	Pearl Dransfield
Glenco	Oneida	22	19	86	Clara Kellar
Glendale	Oneida	12	9	75	Mrs. Ray Webster
Garden City	Bear Lake	31	24	77	Ella Satterthwaite
Hanksville	Wayne	23	18	78	Vona Wells
Herriman	West Jordan	47	37	79	E. F. Butterfield
Hillcrest	Grant	90	71	79	Viola Cahoon
Holbrook	Snowflake	35	27	77	Ann G. Thomas
Hooper	Weber	66	52	79	Florence Naisbitt
Huntington Park	Los Angeles	89	75	84	Irene Andrus
Huntsville	Ogden	69	60	87	Marie Madsen
Jameston	Shelley	36	29	81	Afton Harker
Joseph City	Snowflake	52	46	89	Alta Westover
Juarez	Juarez	54	45	83	Allie Spilsbury
Laketown	Bear Lake	36	27	75	Emma W. Cheney
Lark	West Jordan	19	17	89	Virginia Seal
Linden	Snowflake	10	9	90	Eta C. Rogers
Lindon	Timpanogos	56	42	75	Nettie Mecham
Littlefield	Moapa	16	13	81	Marie Leavitt
Logan Square	Northern States Mission	55	45	82	Caroline Granshaw
Lyman	Rexburg	42	33	79	Mary M. Robison
Magrath 1st	Taylor	85	76	89	Mary Nelson
Magrath 2nd	Taylor	85	64	75	Rosly Henderson
Malad 1st	Malad	57	46	81	Mary Mills
Manavu	Utah	100	80	80	Marie Bennett
Merrill	Portneuf	8	6	75	Anna Morris
Milton	Morgan	16	12	75	Amy Randall
Muncie Branch	Northern States Mission	9	10	90	Theresa Coffman
19th	Salt Lake	44	33	75	Elizabeth Crowford
9th	Cache	89	75	84	Claris Felix
9th	Liberty	55	44	80	Louise Young
Osgood	No. Idaho Falls	58	56	97	Blanch Hill
Ovid	Bear Lake	27	21	78	Viola Johnson
Paris 1st	Bear Lake	55	42	76	Cathrine Innes
Paris 2nd	Bear Lake	48	46	96	Susan Law
Paul	Minidoka	40	33	83	Emily Rich
Plano	Rexburg	47	40	83	S. A. Perrenound
Pleasant View	Malad	24	19	79	Mary Bailey
Pittsburg	Oakland	20	18	90	Catherine O'Brien
Pocatello 1st	Pocatello	114	97	85	Marie Forrest

WARDS 75% AND UP TO 100% (Continued)

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Pocatello 6th	Pocatello	68	52	78	Freida Myers
Preston 1st	Franklin	107	90	84	Isabelle Jensen
Provo 1st	Utah	104	79	76	Bertha Weight
Provo 2nd	Utah	147	118	80	Cleo Thatcher
Provo 6th	Utah	90	73	81	Zina Seamount
Racine	Northern States Mission	11	10	99	Florence Boy
Raymond 1st	Taylor	81	65	80	Fannie C. Litchfield
Raymond 2nd	Taylor	75	71	95	Ruth Salmon
Reynolds	Malad	12	9	75	Mabel J. Smith
River Heights	Logan	36	34	94	Edla Anderson
Riverton 1st	West Jordan	46	38	83	Judith Morgan
Roy	Weber	51	43	84	Lucinda Patterson
St. Charles	Bear Lake	50	46	92	Alice Rich
San Francisco	San Francisco	..	..	87	Gerda Anderson
Scipio	Millard	117	89	76	Maxine Robins
2nd	Sevier	76	74	97	Lizzie Magleby
South Gate	Los Angeles	42	33	79	Naomi Whale
Sugar 1st	Rexburg	59	45	76	Irene Pinnock
Sugar 2nd	Rexburg	35	32	91	Florence Bean
10th	Liberty	95	80	84	Maud Hoyt
Thatcher	Bannock	43	36	84	Ethel L. Smith
Tyrells Lake	Taylor	17	14	82	Bertha M. Shields
Union	Union	38	29	76	Rose Kofford
Vermont	Los Angeles	40	30	75	Coral Iversen
Wandamere	Grant	75	65	87	Jane S. Davidson
Wapello	Blackfoot	47	44	96	Margaret Hancock
West Thomas	Blackfoot	32	28	88	Mable Scott
Wilford	Yellowstone	44	34	77	Myrtle Romrell
Willard	Box Elder	91	69	76	Lizzie Dial
Windsor	Timpanogos	72	54	75	Mary B. Hales

To the following Sisters will be awarded next June bound volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine* for having secured the highest percentage on magazine subscriptions:

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Baker	Union	33	63	191	Nettie Shurtliff
Elko, Nevada	Calif. Mission	24	41	170	Blanche S. Jones
First	Union	35	65	186	Emma Stringham
Imbler	Union	15	30	200	Mattie Westenscow
LaPoint	Uintah	36	67	186	Grace Lambert
Malta	Raft River	40	67	168	Alice O. Neddo
Milwaukee N.S.B	Northern States Mission	29	54	186	Marie Meyer
Preston 5th	Franklin	25	44	176	Azuba G. Alder
Provo 4th	Utah	97	149	154	Elsie S. Miller
17th	Mt. Ogden	83	128	154	Mattie Vogel
6th	Ogden	62	115	185	Maud Faris

GIFTS

By E. J. Gardiner

THE holiday season is approaching and with it, the suggestion of gifts.

On that first Christmas, the wise men traveled far to lay at the feet of their King gifts of gold, of farnkincense and myrrh. This, as a token of great homage and tribute to One they loved and revered.

Since that time, this has been added upon and in fulfillment of the angels' song of "Peace—Good-will to men" has come to include many we hold most dear.

As Relief Society members, wishing to extend the joys of the Christmas season, what could bring more lasting joy and peace into the life of a friend than a subscription to our Relief Society Magazine? Coming into the home each month with its wealth of spiritual uplift and literary value, it will perpetuate through the year the real spirit of Christmas.

To the shut-in, to a neighbor, to an absent daughter or missionary son, let us, as Relief Society mothers extend in this tangible way our wish for joy and peace for Christmas and through the New Year.

Your Nazareth

By Eleanor W. Schow

Beautiful Mother Mary,
Of virginal purity,
Were you well content
That your life was spent
In Nazareth of Galilee?

When the wise men bowed in worship
O'er the form of your Child divine,
Did a wistful thought roam
To your Nazareth home
Unblessed by the great star's shine?

As you cuddled unto your bosom
This holy and priceless gem,
In your gentleness mild
Did you think of the Child
As a gift from your heart to them?

When you found Him there in the temple
So perfect of mind and limb,
Did you dream of a day
When for them He would pray
And they would rejoice in Him?

When He spoke to them of His mission
And of victories to be won,
Did you feel cast down
When your loved home town
Rejected your peerless Son?

When He turned to depart from Nazareth,
Was your heart filled with grief that morn?
Could you love them true
Though they cast at you
Side-glances of half veiled scorn?

When you knew they would never heed Him,
Nor come at His loving call,
Did you weep that day,
Or did you pray
For the souls of your neighbors all?

Did you take up your life without Him
Nor give them a word of blame?
Did you do them good
In all that you could
And live happily in His name?

Oh Mary, dear Mother Mary,
This do I learn from you:
Keep your soul at peace;
Let your love increase,
Whatever your Nazareth be.

Nearly Half a Century of Service---

The L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE is proud of its long record of service to the young men and women of the Intermountain Territory. In passing another milestone in its history, November 15, the College re-dedicates itself to the high ideals of the men who founded it.

L. D. S. Business College
Salt Lake City

70 North Main Street — Wasatch 1812

Preserve Your Magazines by having them permanently bound

THERE is a vast amount of valuable reference material in your Relief Society Magazine. You can preserve this material permanently and in attractive book form by having your volumes bound.

SPECIAL RATE FOR QUANTITIES

The Deseret News Press

Pioneer Printers, Binders, Rulers

29 Richards St. — Salt Lake City, Utah

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

"Yes, Siree,

my Life Insurance is

BENEFICIAL—

THE VERY BEST INVESTMENT I HAVE EVER MADE

Participating Insurance at Low *Non-Participating Rates!* You Save Safely!

Throughout the storm of depression the Beneficial Life has continued its forward march with a healthy increase each year! TODAY—98.50% of its total assets are set aside for the benefit and protection of policyholders. Beneficial Life gives you FINANCIAL STABILITY linked with PROPER MANAGEMENT administered by MEN OF INTEGRITY which results in constant leadership!

These facts make Beneficial Life insurance outstanding.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL

HOME OFFICE — SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT & DIRECTOR
J. REUBEN CLARK JR., 1ST VICE-PRES. & DIR.
DAVID O. MCKAY, 2ND VICE-PRES. & DIR.
GEO. J. CANNON, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRES. & DIR.
AXEL B. C. OHLSON, SECRETARY & DIRECTOR
LEO E. PENROSE, ASST. SECRETARY
VIRGIL H. SMITH, ASST. SECRETARY
EARLE W. PEIRCE, ASST. TREASURER
EUGENE P. WATKINS, SUP. R. E. LOAN DEPT.
WALDO M. ANDERSEN, AGENCY SUPERVISOR
DR. W. R. CALDERWOOD, MEDICAL DIRECTOR
ASHBY D. BOYLE, ATTORNEY
JOS. FIELDING SMITH, DIRECTOR
E. T. RALPHS, DIRECTOR
ORVAL W. ADAMS, DIRECTOR
STEPHEN L. CHIPMAN, DIRECTOR

Relief Society magazine

v.22
1935

CBPac

339244

v.22
1935

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

GTU Library
3 2400 00328 8291